Saturday Review

ANUARY 25, 1958 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

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Eleanor Steber, in the title role of the new Barber-Menotti opera, "Vanessa." (See RECORDINGS)

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SHORT FICTION VS.

By William Peder

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Mme. Rosina Lhevinne, dean of American women pianists, with Sascha Gorodnitzki (standing, right) and some younger generation Steinway artists: William Masselos, Van Cliburn and her pupil Tong il Han.

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Moura Lympany
Yehudi Menuhin
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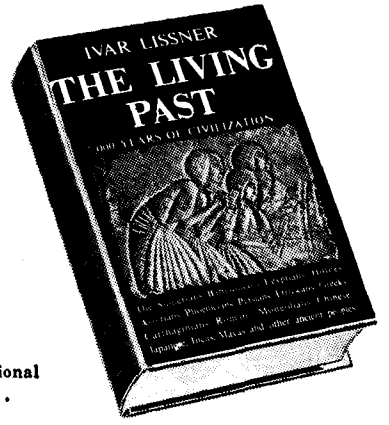

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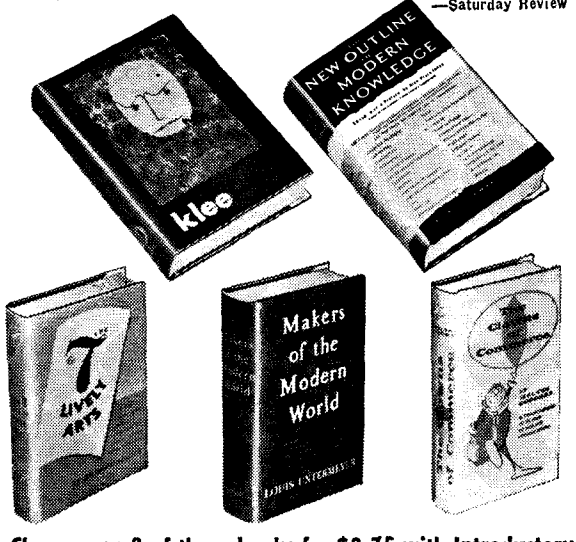

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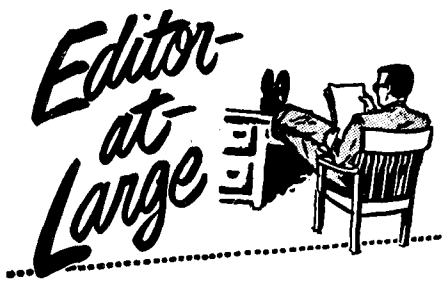

I know two couples who meet every Saturday night to play bridge. They set small stakes and whatever money changes hands goes into a kitty.

When they have accumulated enough money this way, they take a night off from bridge and go out to Manero's in Greenwich, Connecticut, where they have some of that restaurant's famous garlic bread, salad with gorgonzola dressing and wonderful steaks served by a corps of singing waiters.

An evening spent in bridge, obviously, is an evening not spent in reading. But even a hardened old bookman like me realizes that bridge is an amiable and friendly pastime. And besides, whenever this quartet meets, there is one book that is always very much in the picture.

That book is "Goren's New Contract Bridge Complete," the revised version of the Charles H. Goren work which is now the accepted bible among bridge players.

My friends read it to prepare for their evening's playing; and as they sit around to discuss, over coffee, their play, Goren's book is frequently brought out to settle the mild arguments that develop.

I tried to find out whether my friends order a special bridge menu at Manero's — *club* steaks and *hearts* of lettuce salad, for instance. But I learned that on this one Saturday they drop bridge to concentrate on the matters at hand. Except that, at the start, they always clink glasses in a toast to Charles H. Goren.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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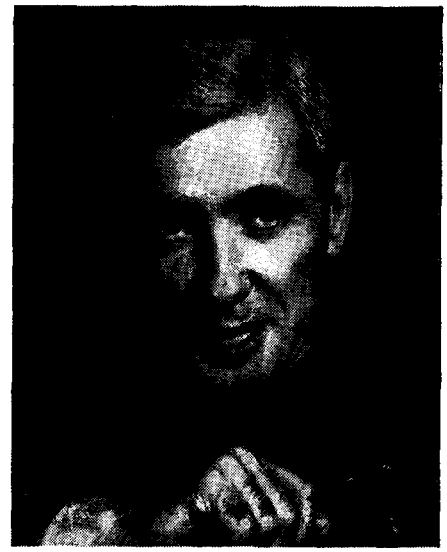
The man who reads dictionaries



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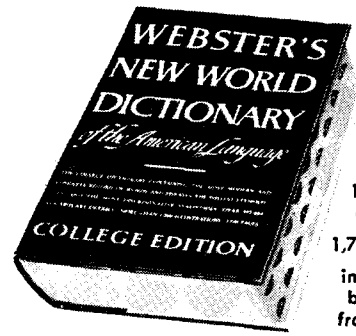

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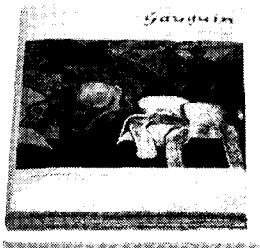

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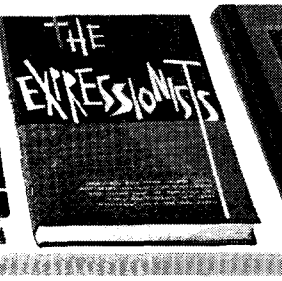

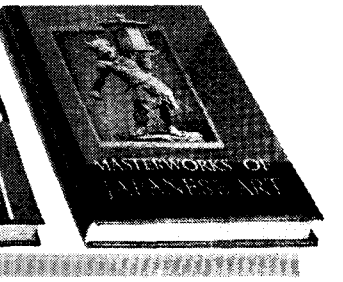

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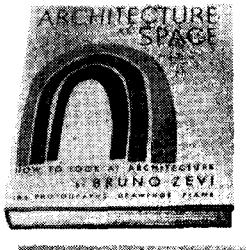

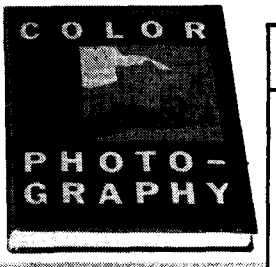

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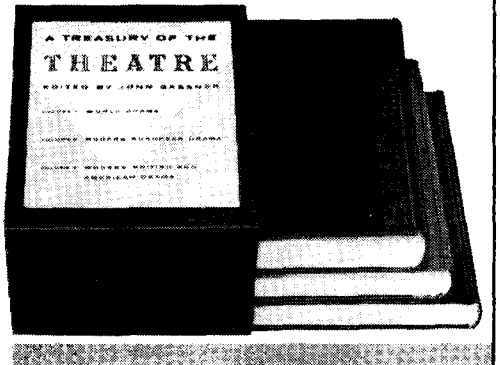

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TRADE Winds

AT LEAST ONCE in every lifetime people should go to a hospital, just to say they've been in one. Right about this time was as good as any for me, since it was a relatively light moment, and obligations were not pressing to any great extent. For instance, it was the day before Christmas (I do *all* my Christmas shopping on the day before Christmas); I have a new play just going into rehearsal for Broadway; I hadn't even begun to assemble the gems for my next TRADE WINDS column; I had just received a free-lance writing contract from CBS to be fulfilled by New Year's Day; I had a dozen long-distance phone calls planned to relatives I hadn't spoken to for eleven months; I was on my way out the door to get a crystal put on my watch after being without one for fourteen weeks; I had a delightful luncheon planned with the people from Macmillan; I was getting ready to send my laundry out for the first time in three weeks; and I was holding the middle button of my topcoat in my fist to find a tailor to put it back on again. But it's amazing how quickly these things can be dispensed with. Things which are absolutely, totally necessary become as important as last year's calendar.

FORTUNATELY, going to the hospital involved only what they call "minor surgery." I have a definition of my own for this. It's simply any surgery which is done on anybody else but yourself. *Major* surgery, in my book, is when they jab the tip of your *own* finger to take a blood sample.

IN THE OPERATING ROOM, my operation was considered so minor that they gave me a local anesthetic, just as if I weren't scared to death of operating rooms and all those people who look like Moslem women peering down at you. I tried to laugh the whole thing off with a series of gags. Things like: "Should I start reading any continued stories, doc?" But I got absolutely nowhere. In the first place, I was under rather heavy sedation, and I'm sure that what I was saying didn't make any sense whatsoever. (I remember saying: "Did you hear the joke about the green streetcar and Lincoln's Gettysburg address?" There obviously *couldn't* be any such joke.) In the second place, I couldn't have known whether I was getting any laughs or not on account of those masks. There is one thing certain, however. When it's all over you'd like to kiss every one of those girls—masks and all. They are unsung heroines. And except for us few small-scale minor surgery types, no one ever gets a chance to see how well and smoothly they work. (They were also able to get the topcoat button out of my hand in two tries.)

THE MOST RIDICULOUS THING ABOUT a hospital is that it's designed to get rid of you as soon as it possibly can. This is awful. I'm beginning to really *like* it here, except for a few minor complaints. One is Mrs. Reading, my day nurse. The only trouble with her is that she's *on* to me. For a few fleeting moments, I got away with a couple of groans when I wanted extra service—but no longer. She can read me like a book, and I'd much rather keep people fooled.

Another thing which can drive you crazy when you're lying in a hospital bed is the attempt to visualize just what it's like outside your door. You never notice when you come through the halls of a hospital just what the layout of the place is at all—and if you've got a shred of intellectual curiosity in you, you can't help lying awake for hours at night figuring out just *where* your room sits along the corridor, just how many turns you have to take to get to the elevator, just where the nurses' station is—all that sort of thing. Also, when you push the button to put on the signal light for the nurse, I want to know just *where* that light goes on—and how does she know it goes on? Is it a yellow light? Green? Blue? Amber? No one will bother to tell you these things.

Throughout most of the day, you will hear the public address system calling for various doctors. The girl who does this has a voice all her own —a tone of quiet, earthy desperation with just a tinge of sexiness. Every doctor she pages sounds as if his name is "Dr. Riffinfoil." I have checked this carefully in the directory, and there is no such doctor listed. But I never know—for sure, that is—whether any of these doctors ever really get the call they are being paged for. This can be very disconcerting.

SINCE I WAS conveniently pinned down in bed, it was only logical for the producers of my play, Alexander

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Cohen and Ralph Alswang, to call a conference, knowing full well the defenseless position I would be in. Alfred Drake, the director, would be making a special trip up from Philadelphia where he was on tour with Katherine Hepburn (the Theatre Guild's "Much Ado" production), and I knew that I would have to have my defense ready for a bout against a second-act re-write. The whole thing, of course, was manifestly unfair to begin with. It was three healthy cats against a wounded mouse. My physician, the lean and sympathetic Gerhard Scherk, saw to it that my hospital shirt was turned around so that part of the bandages covering my wound showed. In addition, I was fortunate enough to run into a very talented student nurse by the name of Phyllis Oarsley, who had studied acting for several years—and knew how to keep a straight face.

The scenario I set up with her was simple, basic, effective. After the boys would begin to let loose with their venom (This *always* happens at producer-director-playwright conferences. You can count on it.) she was to come in three times within ten minutes and take my pulse. Each time her expression would grow more concerned. The fourth time, she was to come in with the blood-pressure machine, grab the phone (which had already been disconnected), and pretend to call the doctor in a panic.

Everything worked smoothly through the first two pulse-takings. Then the boys got so hot and furious about the second act that they actually paid no attention whatever to the nurse even when she took my blood pressure and yelled "Emergency" into the phone!

I shudder to think what would have happened if I had *really* been sick. It simply goes to prove that second acts are more important than playwrights.

THE LENOX HILL HOSPITAL, under the direction of Theodore Childs, is a pleasant, friendly, relaxed place. It has sheltered more than its share of celebrities, including Winston Churchill, Tallulah Bankhead, Wendell Willkie, Madame Pandit, Marie (The Body) Macdonald, Sonja Henie, and the whole darn stable of the New York Yankees, whenever they need it, up to and including Mickey Mantle.

Winston Churchill, I learn, occupied the same room I now have, and Mr. Washell, the barber here, tells me that when he shaved him Churchill did the neat trick of switching his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other without using either hand—or getting any lather on it.

Churchill, incidentally, had been hit by a car on Park Avenue, and rushed

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the invincible summer

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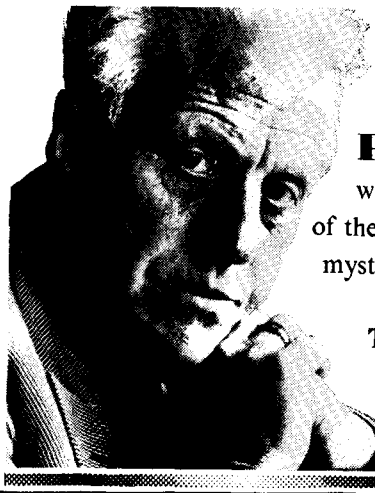

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to the hospital with a broken hip. The orderly at the emergency ward said:

"Name please?"

Churchill puffed calmly on his cigar, replied: "Winston Churchill."

Without looking up, the orderly mumbled: "And mine is Woodrow Wilson. *May* I have your name, please?

ONE OF THE MOST active people you'll find around the Lenox Hill Hospital is Mrs. Thurston Huntting, who heads up the free patients' library. She finds the work interesting and rewarding, sees to it that three modern metal carts full of the *latest* books are being wheeled by her volunteers about the hospital constantly. She has a passion for keeping the books up to date, feeling that nothing could be more unfair than pawning off a bunch of old titles on patients who are unable to get out and choose their own reading. She and her volunteer staff read each book carefully to make sure it measures up to the standards of the library—which are high. In addition, certain subjects like morbid medical matters and death (except for whodunits) are avoided.

There are other precautions which this rather specialized library must take. If a book ever enters into a contagious room or section it must never be re-circulated, and goes straight to the furnace.

At one time, a library volunteer was checking the stock of her cart, close to the bed of a man who looked as if he were barely being kept alive by two nurses massaging him.

"Oh, dear," the volunteer half muttered to herself. "I have only one copy of *Playboy* left."

The man pushed aside his two nurses and gasped: "I want it!"

Another time, an elderly lady lay white and still in her bed as the library cart went by. Her face was ghostly pale, and her breath barely audible. As the cart rolled by, she muttered out of the side of her mouth:

"Have you got 'Forever Amber'?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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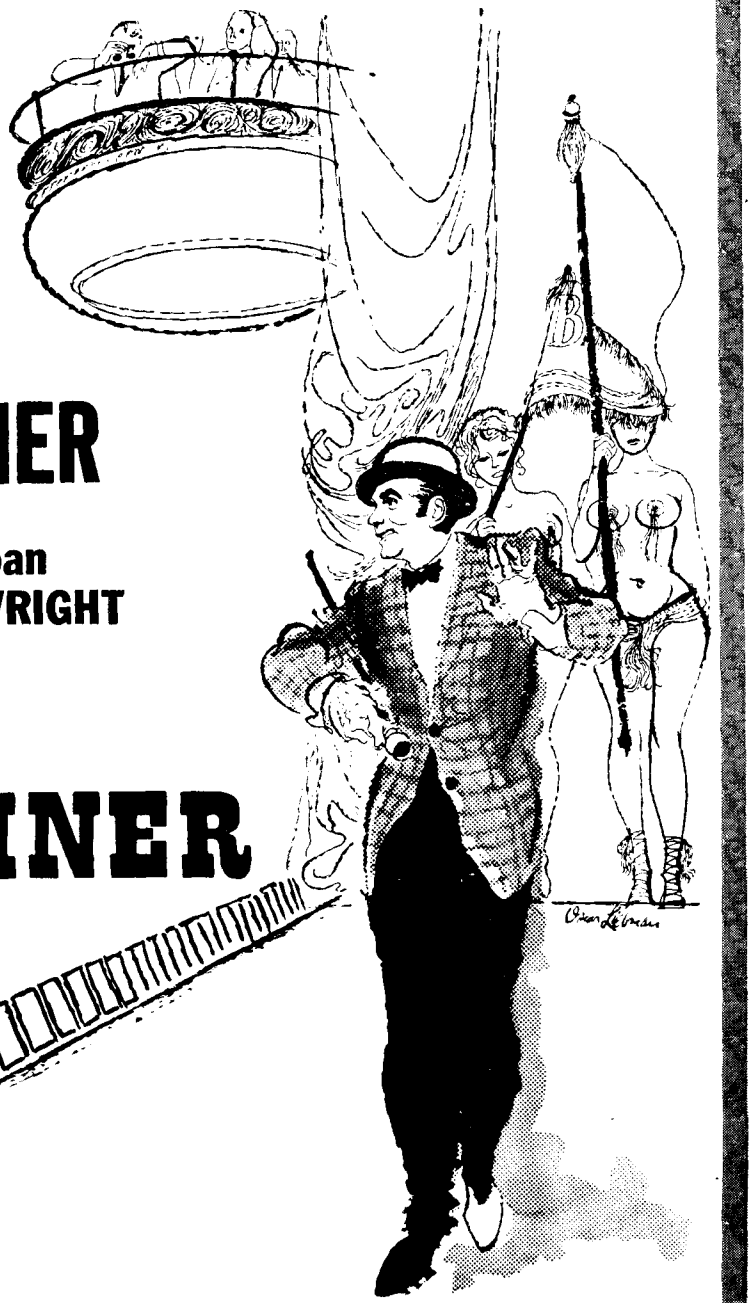

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1951 Everybody loves Rosemary Clooney for singing "Come On-a My House." Louis Armstrong tells his life story on four records (CL 851-4). Critics flip over *Porgy and Bess* (OSL 162).

1952 Rudolf Serkin plays the "Moonlight" Sonata (ML 4432). The Philadelphia records a superb *Symphonie Fantastique* (ML 4467). Columbia switches on the revolutionary 360 phonograph: the whole world plays.

1953 Andre Kostelanetz serves up the first of his best-selling operas-for-orchestra, *La Boheme* (CL 797). $100 buys the impressive "Literary Series" (DSL 190)—readings by Maugham, Huxley, Steinbeck and others.

1954 The year of *Dave Brubeck at Storyville* (CL 590), *The Confederacy* (DL 220), Michel Legrand's *I Love Paris* (CL 555), Bruno Walter's Brahms package (DSL 200) and the Shostakovitch 10th by Mitropoulos (ML 4959).

1955 A rehearsal on records of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony (DSL 224) intrigues Bruno Walter fans. Columbia mikes are present as Noel Coward debuts at Las Vegas (ML 5063). The fabulous *I Like Jazz* sells for 98c.

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The Saturday Review
JANUARY 25, 1958

THE NEXT 10,000 YEARS

Everyone likes to play the game of Future, where time cleanses life of drudgery, pain, and grime, and our personal routines consist of effortless mastery over the material world and calm poise in the psychological. The game is here played more elaborately by J. H. Rush, member of the physics faculty at Texas Technical College, former physicist at Oak Ridge, a poet and author. This article is adapted from Dr. Rush's forthcoming book "The Dawn of Life" (Hanover House, $4.50).

—Richard Powers.

By J. H. RUSH

TWO world wars in thirty years spelled crisis, and the atomic bombs over Japan punctuated it in a way that no one could ignore. Yet the crisis of life on earth today is not the threat of atomic catastrophe. That is only its most acute and obvious symptom. The crisis is the emergence of intelligence, and its intervention in the course of evolution.

Man, a single species, has become an important geological and ecological influence on the earth, and his powers over the environment are increasing precipitately. His intellect so far outstrips that of other species that they may be neglected in assessing the effects of this new manifestation of mind upon the orders of life and the planet itself. Just as the evolution of enzymes and later of photosynthesis and oxygen metabolism revolutionized the power of living organisms over the environment, so the technology created by intellect is revolutionizing it again. With his machines and processes, man advances his competitive position more in a century than he could in 1,000,000 years of biological evolution. Because of his overwhelming competitive advantage, his numbers continue to increase prodigiously at the expense of other creatures. He threatens to sweep from the earth whole orders of life, and in doing so he may initiate irreversible changes that will sweep him off also. Man is fast outgrowing the planet.

The emergence of intelligent mind is as full of revolutionary significance as was the first appearance of life itself. Ever since man has been on earth, some of his race have remained in equilibrium with the life stream of biological evolution. In non-agricultural societies, he has generally shared the land with all of the complex hierarchy of plant and animal life, taking a modest toll for his own subsistence and affecting the overall balance but little. Ever since agriculture began, frontiers have marked the boundaries between the natural and the artificial ways of life. The little pools of cultivated, urbanized territory have expanded, coalesced, and swept over the earth.

So long as the wilderness frontier has existed, the implication of man's artifice has been obscured. The establishment of the vast American frontier gave the illusion of an endlessly expanding horizon, when actually it signaled the beginning of the end of all frontiers. Even in our own time, people have thought of the wilderness as a permanent counterpoise to man's dubious progress. If we fumbled, there was always the way back, the virgin land, the virile barbarian to take over.

WITHIN the lifetime of people now living, the wilderness frontier of the world will be gone. True, certain areas will be preserved as living fossils to remind us of our past. But the essential point is that even these remnants will exist only by man's sufferance, and will not refute but rather demonstrate his power. Intelligence is exclusive. It tolerates no competition. No new order of intelligence can

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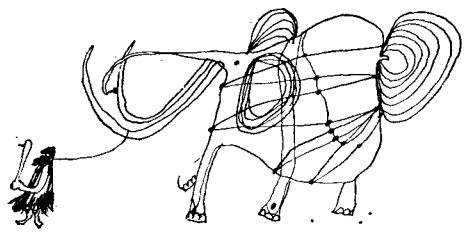
Flourishing about 20,000,000 years ago, about the time when the lines which led to man and the anthropoid apes definitively parted company, were the proconsul apes, whose fossil remains were discovered in the Lake Victoria region of Africa by the anthropologist Leakey in 1948.

emerge on earth while man's dominion holds, and no advanced form of life that cannot compete with man's intelligence stands a chance against him. It is natural to feel a sentimental regret for the passing of accustomed things, even while embracing the new; but this is not the reason that I dwell upon the passing of the frontier. Rather, the fateful meaning we must see is this: When man obliterates the wilderness, he repudiates the evolutionary process that put him on the planet. In a deeply terrifying sense, man is on his own.

His responsibility to the life principle lies heavy upon him. If the study of nature leads one to any sense of the kind of significance and meaning that we associate with religion, that feeling must be aroused by the insistent proliferation of order that works through the obscure processes of evolving life. Today the products of that long and patient waiting rest largely in man's hands. A living species embodies a unique accumulation of genetic individuality and adaptive wisdom. It is one more insurrection against the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Each form has attained to its own private expression of individuality and beauty, and when it perishes the universe is poorer. Surely no other of man's transgressions is so fundamentally evil as the heedless destruction of these irreplacable evolutionary life lines.

BIOLOGICALLY, life has progressed in the direction of increasing control ever since it began. But that control has been effected through a joint tenancy of the planet, not the unilateral power of a single species, and it has developed very slowly. Artificial technological control does not have to wait upon leisurely biological evolution. Its speed holds the greatest danger to man's future. It does not allow much time to foresee consequences, or to adapt to irreparable alterations of conditions. Intelligent mind, leaping ahead of the slow pace of biological processes, has brought on the present crisis. Yet by our very nature we seem to be committed to the increasing exploitation of intelligence.

Life already has survived two great crises on the planet Earth. The first was its origin, the emergence of organized systems that could sustain and reproduce themselves with some independence of the environment. The second was the biochemical hiatus that resulted in photosynthesis and the transition to oxygen metabolism.



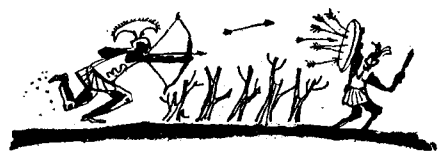
The pitiful Neanderthaler, who lived about 80,000 years ago, was a squat figure, bowed down with hardship, malnutrition, and disease. He offered little resistance to the more intelligent and better-armed Aurignacian invaders, who first slaughtered him and then ate him at ceremonial lunch.

Man, and indeed the whole stream of life, has thrived on crisis, evolving out of them novel adaptations and enhanced survival power. Now a third great crisis of life is here.

Is the present crisis essentially different from those of the past? Man, the product of 2,000,000,000 years of patient protoplasmic experiment, has been on earth only a moment of geological time. Yet he already holds the power to destroy his culture and even his species. A little later he may have the power to destroy all life, even the planet. Outwardly he shows little awareness of his responsibility or his peril; but the fear is seeping into his bones, and it may save him.

If man does not destroy his species catastrophically, he may progress in either of two general directions. If he ignores certain vital problems in his society, refusing to exercise the ever-increasing degree of control that his way of life requires, he may overpopulate the planet and ravage it of all its available resources, and then revert through war and starvation to an agrarian way of life. If he accepts his responsibility and applies his intelligence to such problems before he is overcome by them, he may keep open the way to a really civilized society. In any event, the present order of society is intolerable and man will not willingly go back the way he has come.

If man is to achieve a mature way of life, he must accomplish certain prerequisites. Population must be held to a level that does not overcrowd the living space—and I am thinking of crowding in terms of psychological needs, and our responsibility to the other orders of life, more than of food and shelter. To afford optimum material advantages for a reasonable population, society must continue to provide materials in great quantity and variety, and sufficient energy to utilize them effectively. This problem may become acute in the short-range future, as fossil fuels and metallic ore deposits are exhausted. We are trying, however, to think in terms of 1,000,000 years ahead, a trivial evolutionary life span for a newly dominant organism even if man remains subject to such limitations. I cannot feel that in such a perspective the exhaustion of the resources that we have found ready to hand will matter, any more than running out of gasoline on the highway puts an end to a cross-country trip. Man has just begun to take an interest



The Trojan War, about 1,000 B.C., was fought by Bronze Agers such as these, men who the "Iliad" shows sulked, strove, and sang beautiful songs, just as we do, but who had not yet learned to dominate the world with technology and science.

in his technological toys, and already the shape of the future is in sight.

Our physical needs usually are classed broadly as materials and energy, but the two are increasingly interchangeable. Combustible materials release energy—that is a commonplace. But the energy of a waterfall can be used to smelt aluminum from its ore, a clear exchange of energy for an otherwise unavailable material. The energy of coal similarly releases iron. Sunlight—or any source of light energy—powers photosynthesis in green plants, producing energy-rich food materials. Modern chemists turn coal, water, and limestone into fabrics and plastics by the magic touch of energy.

The immediate question then becomes one of energy resources. The fossil coal and oil that have enticed man into his experiment in technological living will be gone before we have time to get used to them. Yet we have already blundered into one method of controlling the superabundant energy of the atomic nucleus, and there is always the flow of energy from the sun. True, the concentrated deposits of uranium and thorium are sharply limited. But we know that matter—any kind of matter—has locked up in its structure 1,000 times as much energy, pound

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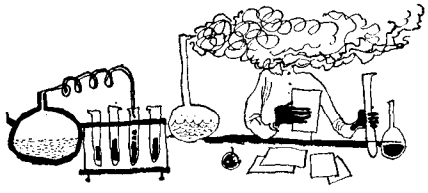
for pound, as is released in the fission of uranium. Man has been on the earth 1,000,000 years already. For at least half that time he has been a toolmaker. For 300 years he has had something approaching a scientific technology. He has known of the existence of atomic energy for less than sixty years, and for the past eighteen he has known how to release it in quantity by a freakish, inefficient process in a single rare element. It would be childish indeed to believe that in the time left to him on the planet he cannot do better than that.

In the appropriation of the energy of uranium, we have seen also a glimpse of an eventual solution of the problem of basic materials. Synthetic chemistry rearranges atoms into varied substances, but it must have the right atoms to work with. Some day we may run out of feasible sources of certain elements. But the processes that split atoms and release energy can be used also to reorganize atoms. This principle has found its first large-scale application in the manufacture of plutonium, of which an unpleasant number of tons has been produced already. By a similar process man has made substantial quantities of tritium, the radioactive hydrogen atom that is used in the hydrogen bomb. He has made small quantities of many other elements for research and other special purposes, and could make them in greater quantity—though at enormous cost—if need justified. Again, in the long view, there is no reason to believe that man cannot find practicable ways to synthesize elements as well as compounds in whatever quantities he needs.



Modern man still marvels at Homer, he still murders his neighbor, but he has also constructed a fabulously elaborate intellectual and technological architecture which has tremendously extended his powers and the promise of his future (we hope).

MAN has not yet learned to control life with anything like the sureness or flexibility with which he controls inanimate matter and energy. His influence upon the biological world has been for the most part either simple destruction or the unforeseen by-product of his material operations. He has learned how to alter his domesticated stocks by inbreeding, selection, and crossbreeding; but this approach is little more than adaptation, like fastening a stick to a likely-looking stone to make an axe. His experiments have begun to illuminate the mechanism of heredity, the genetic structures and the influences that produce mutations in them, but he has not learned to control these mutations in any direct, deliberate way. He can only produce random, unforeseeable changes, and then select the characteristics that result.

If the urge to control everything continues, man is certain to learn how to control life processes with a delicacy and sureness comparable to that he now exercises over atoms and molecules. The next stage of this development will be the alteration of genetic heredity in desired directions by deliberate synthesis or rearrangement rather than selection from haphazard mutations.

As man learns to control the mechanism of life, he undoubtedly will begin to control the biology of his own species. Such control will become imperative anyway, as the race continues to deteriorate because of artificial genetic damage and the removal of selective factors that were effective in earlier times. What forms such control will take cannot even be guessed. They will depend upon the technical knowledge that unfolds, and the social wisdom that the race attains. This deliberate control of the genetic constitution of his race is probably the most significant and revolutionary of all the innovations that man has in prospect. Already he has learned to subdue his natural enemies and to adapt artificially to the changes of climate and food supply that have swept over other dominant species off the earth. As he learns more about his own organism, he will be able increasingly to control his biological evolution and to forestall the genetic deterioration that otherwise might weaken and destroy his species.

In 1,000 years every city may look like a World's Fair, every chamber may be flooded with sunlight, the days cool and clear and the livin' easy, the clothes warm and soft—and mankind free to make music and love and to promenade in the park.

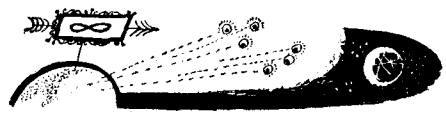
The implication of such deliberate control of his own heredity is tremendous. *The race of man does not have to die.* So long as the earth yields material and energy for his regeneration, until the sun grows too hot or some other cosmic catastrophe overtakes him, man will be free to continue his strange adventure. And by that far-off time he may have risen to the planets and the stars.

At some point men will learn to synthesize living systems from inanimate matter. This does not mean that they will make amoebas or sunfish or men in the laboratory. The function of intelligence is not to copy but to invent. When man starts to tinker with living systems as he now does with electronic circuits, he undoubtedly will streamline his designs. Evolution has proceeded by uncertain selection from a mass of indiscriminate variations in the constitutions of organisms, and every creature bears the wound scars of that process. When man synthesizes his own versions of biological systems, he will have the advantage of design, of intelligent forethought. He can ignore the factor of survival power in a natural environment. When he builds expensive machines, he does not leave them out in the rain. His beasties can be tailored for specific and sharply limited functions, in an artificial environment that protects and nourishes them while they go on doing only what man wants them to do.

Possibly living systems can be synthesized from silicon rather than carbon compounds, or some other bizarre chemical pattern. Carbon life has evolved from a fortuitous set of circumstances; its advantages are many and obvious, but they may not be unique. Whether synthetic life will be only a laboratory curiosity or whether it may become the basis of an unimaginable new technology is beyond any present conjecture. But the sun shines and the earth turns, and there is no hurry.

All of the onrushing developments that have carried our race to undreamed-of glory and peril are the consequences of intelligence. In a geological snap of the fingers, this alien manifestation of the life process has wrought more changes on earth than have resulted from millions of years of natural evolution. Not the least of the changes man has wrought have

(*Continued on page* 36)



The apotheosis of *homo sapiens* may come in 1,000,000 years or so when man liberates his soul from his body—that fragile retort of flushing chemicals and psychic shocks. Then, an incorporeal spirit drawing energy from the stars, he can take off for a new realm, new challenges, and new secrets.

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"Saint of Democracy"?

***"The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell," by Maurice Ashley** (Macmillan. 382 pp. $5), is a new biography from England by the president of the Cromwell Association who, in this tricentennial of the Lord Protector's death, shows us anew that one of the most baffling figures in all history still has his staunch defenders. The book is reviewed here by Professor Harry T. Moore of Southern Illinois University.*

By Harry T. Moore

OLIVER CROMWELL, who died just 300 years ago, is the ancestor of modern democratic movements, if only because he put an end to the divinity of kingship. He compelled his fellow-revolutionists to behead Charles I, and in many other ways he used force on principle. Historians for nearly two centuries after his death looked on him as a villain, but in the 1840s Carlyle began thumping out praises for a heroic Cromwell. Less noisily, Guizot and von Ranke on the Continent and Gardiner, Morley, and Firth in England adopted the favorable attitude. Now Maurice Ashley, former historical research assistant to Sir Winston Churchill, restates the affirmative in an anniversary biography that makes use of the important recent studies in the field.

Twenty-one years ago, in the fashion of the day, Mr. Ashley's earlier Cromwell book carried a heavy economic emphasis and an authoritarian subtitle, "The Conservative Dictator." This time around, Mr. Ashley includes an excellent chapter on Cromwell's religion, but disappointingly omits full treatment of one of the most important and disputable points in Cromwell's career, his ability as a general. His campaigns and battles, however, as well as the stages of his political development, are more than adequately dealt with here at the narrative level. Mr. Ashley sets forth these topics in a facile style full of deft little portraits of the people involved. But this author misses some dramatic opportunities when he scamps a familiar but intrinsic part of the story, the trial of Charles I. Such an omission prevents this book from achieving the definitive status

—*From the book.*

Unfinished miniature of Oliver Cromwell by Samuel Cooper, considered to be best portrait of Cromwell in existence.

of Firth's biography of 1900, recently reprinted, or of Buchan's 1934 volume, which accepted Firth's pattern but added vividness to it.

Unluckily for all these biographers, we know little beyond the factual circumstances of Cromwell's formative years in the afterglow of Elizabethan statecraft. As Mr. Ashley shows, we have only a few hints of youthful inner development: temper, melancholia, prayer. We know that when Cromwell was about twenty-eight, married for eight years and the father of five children, he underwent "spiritual conversion"—which means that, in the Calvinist way of things, he elected himself among the elect. This resulted in a God-drunkenness that Mr. Ashley attempts to play down, as he tries to minimize the brutalities Cromwell condoned or inspired.

To be sure, revolutions and civil wars are rough. The trouble with many of Cromwell's apologists, however, is that they fail to see him in perspective. Because he earnestly tried to implant a democratic constitution, his absolutist admirers make him into a saint of democracy. More properly, he was a kind of proto-democrat in a crudely violent time when the severed heads of malefactors grinned down from city gates. Some of the actualities of the age serve to intensify Cromwell's virtues, true, but he should not be made into what he was not: this moody, complicated, and stubborn man remains, like his achievements, inchoate at best.

Although Mr. Ashley maintains a healthy skepticism toward the legends of all kinds that have clustered around the Lord Protector, he sometimes overstates the case for his client in his use of what evidence he finds acceptable. Mr. Ashley, however, does not always have to persuade: certainly Cromwell led an exemplary domestic life, and although he closed the theatres, this notably paradoxical man was not in all aspects the grim, art-hating Puritan of caricature: "He delighted in Latin motets, and would entertain his guests with music and wine." And perhaps the fact that "he was over fifty and in poor health when he became the ruler of the country"—he wore himself to death at fifty-nine—may partly excuse his quarrels with his later parliaments and his furious dismissals of them.

In trying to place Cromwell historically, Mr. Ashley says he was more like Washington than Napoleon, which is true enough, though Washington is too bland an element in such a comparison to make it very useful. Granted, Cromwell was not a raging world-conqueror. Like the far bloodier Robespierre, he was an egoist of the ideal—though it may be unjust to bring in Robespierre when for perhaps a fairer comparison we have Pompey, as suggested by the sympathetic John Buchan, who saw both men as devotees of law "forced to be often lawless." Always the paradox: Cromwell is known as a champion of tolerance because of his friendly treatment of the Jews, but his "tolerance" did not extend to Catholics—and so on, through his confused and unstable career. And although Cromwell accelerated the coming of democracy, his accomplishments were for the most part negative, as pointed out by G. M. Trevelyan and C. V. Wedgwood.

Yet even historians who are agnostic about Cromwell have much that is good to say about him, and in this tricentennial we should all be aware of our great debt to him. But we should also do him and ourselves the justice of trying to see him clearly, this man who once told a portrait painter to leave the warts in the picture. Not all of Cromwell's blemishes were on his skin.

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A Contemporary Voltaire

"Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Skeptic," by Alan Wood *(Simon & Schuster. 249 pp. $3.50), is an attempt to assess the philosophy and personality of one of England's most controversial thinkers. The book's reviewer, Brand Blanshard, is the author of "Philosophy of Analysis."*

By Brand Blanshard

BERTRAND RUSSELL is a windfall for any biographer. He has said as many pithy and memorable things as Dr. Johnson; he has been a storm-center of feeling and opinion on three continents; his human contacts have ranged from Brixton jail, where he served six months for resistance to the First World War, to the Order of Merit and the House of Lords; the range of his ideas is, if possible, wider still. "Less than halfway through his career . . . ," Mr. Wood tells us, "his place was secure as a thinker who had made the greatest advances in logic since Greek times," and he has written on every field of philosophy except esthetics. (When the present reviewer once asked him why he had not written on that, too, he replied that it was because he knew nothing about it, though he promptly added, "My friends tell me that that has not prevented my writing on anything else.")

Mr. Wood has attempted to give some account of Russell's philosophy, and, considering how technical this sometimes is and how often it has changed, the account is remarkably clear. Still, it is the man behind the thought that absorbs most of the reader's attention. How did any human being manage to produce so much? And why should a secluded philosopher become the vortex of so many controversies?

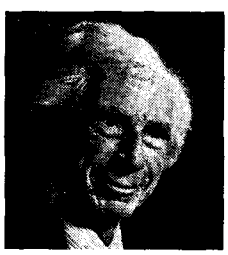
The volume of Russell's work must be laid in part to sheer physical vitality. When, at the age of seventy-six, his seaplane crashed off the coast of Norway, he swam to a nearby boat, took a swig of brandy, and was himself again almost at once; and at eighty-five he can still exhaust younger colleagues with his exuberant talk. More important was a rapacious intellectual interest. "He was a passionate skeptic," says Mr. Wood, "because he wanted to be a passionate believer; he questioned everything because he craved for *certain* knowledge, in the same way that some men crave for religion." He was a solitary boy, orphaned early, and brought up by grandparents; his chief happiness from the beginning lay in the play of ideas; T. S. Eliot once described him as "permanently precocious."

But there is more to the story than either physical or mental energy. Russell has a way of writing that must be unique. When he was a young man, his brother-in-law, Logan Pearsall Smith, advised him to rewrite everything he put on paper. Russell tried this, and made his product worse than before. "I have never," he says, "rewritten anything since," and Mr. Wood reports that "his manuscripts and letters run on page after page with an uncanny and almost inhuman neatness, hardly a word being crossed out or altered." When he was the busy head of a school, he said to an interviewer, "I haven't touched a pen since the school started, rather more than three years ago. I dictate at full speed, just as fast as a stenographer can go. I never revise a word . . . I do 3,000 words a day. I plan to work only in the morning. If I haven't done my stint, I sometimes go on working into the afternoon. I plan it all beforehand, so before I start it's all finished . . . when I have a book to write of 60,000 words, I start twenty days before it is due at the publishers." One wonders what would appear at the publisher's if anyone else followed this practice.

How has this devotee of quiet thinking and writing managed to become so controversial a figure? The most obvious explanation is that he has dissented freely from the majority views on issues charged with feeling—pacifism, sex morality, capitalism, religion—and that he has ventured to practise what he preached. But it must be admitted also that he has taken Mephistophelean delight in pulling legs and tweaking noses. Regarding his pacifism, A. E. Housman remarked, "If I were the Prince of Peace, I would choose a less provocative Ambassador." He is a contemporary Voltaire in the satisfaction he feels in toppling idols.

He is Voltairean too in his laughter. His biographer says that "like the character in Oscar Wilde who could resist anything but temptation, Russell could resist anything but a joke." And his witticisms stick like burrs because of their blended impishness, felicity, and point. Mr. Wood's book is full of Russellisms, often naughty, sometimes infuriating, always clever, generally penetrating, never negligible—in short, just like their author.

Russellisms



- Science is what you know, philosophy is what you don't know.
- The only thing I should ever, in my inmost thoughts, claim for any view of mine, would be that it is in a direction along which one can reach truth—never that it is truth.
- Even in the most purely logical realms, it is insight that first arrives at what is new.
- Russia confirmed me in the belief that whatever is good is to be found in individuals, not in Societies.
- Always the skeptical intellect, when I have most wished it silent, has whispered doubts to me. . . . I would tell Quakers that I thought many wars in history had been justified, and Socialists that I dreaded the tyranny of the state.
- A man may be discontented because of unconscious wants. For instance, Americans need rest, but do not know it. I believe this to be a large part of the explanation of the crime wave in the United States.
- Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness.

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Compassionate Counselor

"Attorney for the Damned" edited by Arthur Weinberg *(Simon & Schuster. 552 pp. $6.50), is an anthology of Clarence Darrow's summations to the jury and some of his speeches, with introductory notes. Beryl Harold Levy, who reviews it, practises law in New York City.*

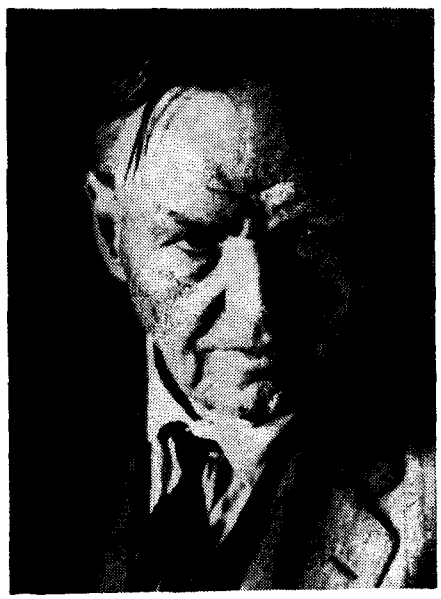
By Beryl Harold Levy

AN OVERDOSE of existentialism—too much Dostoevsky or Kafka perhaps—and your teen-ager is in the hands of the police charged with murder. Or some state may decide to make the teaching of Freud illegal on the ground that it degrades human reason. Or an American officer in Japan finds and kills the Japanese rapist of his wife. Or a union of government employees does not see why it has any less right to strike than employees of Consolidated Edison.

Each of these contemporary hypotheticals will be more or less readily recognized. The first follows the schema of the Loeb-Leopold case, which Meyer Levin has brought to the best-seller list and Broadway. The second summoned Paul Muni to bring Darrow to the boards as attorney for Scopes in "Inherit the Wind." The third may remind you of the Sergeant Girard case; it is more like the actual Massie case in Honolulu. The fourth is suggested by New York's transit situation; it is reminiscent of Darrow's effort in 1898, in the Oshkosh strike case, to do away with the then prevalent idea that unions were criminal conspiracies.

In each of the imagined cases, based on half the cases in "Attorney for the Damned," which Arthur Weinberg has edited, the defendants would find it difficult to locate a Clarence Darrow to defend them today—and would count themselves lucky if they could. We do not have at our criminal bar now any one lawyer with his versatility, his empathy for the troubled and the dissident, his broad knowledge, and, above all, his extraordinary powers of persuasion in the final summing up to the jury, which so often tips the balance between acquittal or conviction. It is these summations with which this book is chiefly filled.

The non-lawyer should be informed that—after all the evidence has been submitted and the logical proof has been made—our trial system provides an opportunity for the attorney to sum up for the jury in the most persuasive way he can, invoking all favorable inferences, drawing upon every mood and sentiment. It is not only the right of the advocate to weep for his client in summing up—as one authority has put it—it is his duty. Bearing this framework in mind, we turn to these summations, made in the most fateful cases of a generation ago by this attorney for the damned (the phrase is Lincoln Steffens's) who, after a prosperous career at the bar as a railroad attorney and as corporation counsel for the city of Chicago, turned his massive talents to the defense of the lowly and the oppressed—not always the poor, sometimes the rich. It is a difficult lawyer's role for a sincerely dedicated liberal spirit, because he is always under the necessity to combat the suspicion surrounding the paid advocate. How can we put credence, we ask, in the earnestness of appeal of an intellectual mercenary? The fact is that it frequently cost him money to appear, as in the Scopes trial ($2,000); sometimes he agonized his soul out, as in the Hayward anarchist trial, for a petty $3,000; sometimes he received a substantial fee, though not enough, as in the Loeb-Leopold case, where the family declined to pay him his requested fee or to allow the Bar Association to fix it, and he finally accepted less than half—remaining nonetheless a warm friend of the boys, whom he visited regularly in prison, being, as Leopold said, the kindest man he had ever known.



Clarence Darrow—". . . folk hero."

Students of literature and of the human heart will find in these summations a pattern of persuasion singularly successful with the "fishermen, the garage mechanics, and the ticket takers" comprising the jury. A good advocate uses a whole arsenal of persuasive weapons, as there is no telling which one will strike home with which juror.

Our analysis of the eight summations in Mr. Weinberg's book discloses to us what may be called the Darrow system of effective persuasion:

1) Placing the argument in its emotional, not logical, context.

2) Impressing the jury with the awful importance of the case.

3) Directing invective against someone on the other side.

4) Arousing personal sympathy for the accused.

5) Invoking a simple philosophy of determinism to make it seem we are none of us responsible for the webs in which we are caught.

6) Bringing a sense of the pathos and inevitably tragic aspects of human life, thereby eliciting a feeling of pity and mercy and love.

7) Quoting a few closing lines of touching poetry, sometimes Housman, more often Omar Khayyam, or what even sounds like Edgar Guest.

IN THE social causes for which he fought, as in his debate against capital punishment and his panegyric of John Brown's equalitarianism—which are also included here—he was prophetically insistent on a rational and ethical perspective, such as was foreshadowed also in his plea for the mentally ill in the "Compulsion" case. All in all, he is a true folk hero of American democracy, whose whole personal significance would have to be measured by one whose conjuncture of poetic, philosophic, and psychological insight were joined to legal sophistication. The editor's introductory notes, though not written by a lawyer, seem to me to be quite adequate; and I found myself looking ahead in each case to see how the jury came out. Supreme Court Justice Douglas, an unusually vigorous palladium of common democratic values, contributes an appreciative introduction singling out the uniform moral thread: Darrow's detestation of bigotry, ignorance, and hate. Clarence Darrow did honor to his profession in his passionate solicitude for the harried minority: a solicitude which is democracy's noblest emblem.

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FICTION

Short Fiction *vs.* Long

The achievement of such diverse writers as those commented on below suggest somewhat the independence and vigor of the contemporary short story—in contrast to the novel, which seems at times to display increasing evidence of ill-temper, fatigue, and deterioration. Perhaps it is true that the shorter fictional form—what Mr. V. S. Pritchett has so aptly termed the "brief, quickly moving, epigrammatic, allusive habit of the short story"—is becoming the dominant literary type of our day and age.

By WILLIAM PEDEN

SINCE the days of Edgar Allan Poe, the economic position of the serious short-story writer in America has usually been precarious. Even Poe himself, the father of the genre and probably the most popular magazinist of his generation, experienced great difficulty in getting his short stories published in book form; and what is probably his greatest literary contribution, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," was a financial failure for which Poe received virtually nothing except a meaningless copyright. With few notable exceptions, individual volumes of short stories by one author frequently don't even make their publication costs, let alone bring financial reward to author and publisher. In recent years particularly, with production and distribution costs constantly rising, publishers tended to look upon the volume of short stories as a "lost" or "marginal" book. In spite of this, more and better stories are being written today than at any other time in recent years; and, in spite of what at one time amounted almost to a publisher's "taboo," more and more good collections of short stories are getting into print. Perhaps the most encouraging sign on the contemporary literary horizon is the high quality of several recent "first" collections of short stories by young, talented, and individualistic American short-story writers.

Few such authors have made a more impressive debut than James Purdy, a thirty-four-year-old native of Ohio; it is not without significance that his haunting "Color of Darkness" (New Directions, $3.50) was not accepted by an American publisher until *after* the enthusiastic praise with which discriminating authors like Angus Wilson greeted the English edition.

Like many of Elizabeth Bowen's early stories, several of Mr. Purdy's pieces are in one way or another concerned with what Miss Bowen has termed the problem of "human unknowableness." Characteristic is the widowed father of the title-story, well-meaning but withdrawn into a world of his own reveries, separated by spiritual miles from the young son who finally erupts into a shocking attack against his father; or the young war widow of "You Reach for Your Hat," and the deadly, meaningless boredom of her existence; or the self-pitying mother of "Why Can't They Tell You Why?," who torments her retarded child with threats of "we'll have to send you to the mental hospital with the bars where they sent Aunt Grace." These are stories of almost unbearable loneliness, of unhappy individuals struggling to achieve communication and understanding, but who are lost in private hells only partially of their own making.

WHEN he shifts to the world of the physically or the mentally maimed, Mr. Purdy is equally skilful, and perhaps even more disturbing. In the novella, "63: Dream Palace," he creates a nightmarish group of misfits and psychopaths, to whom traditional values are either reversed or nonexistent; in "Sound of Talking" he presents a paraplegic and his wife in a relationship in which love and hate are indistinguishable; and in "Man and Wife," effectively narrated almost solely in terms of dialogue, he produces another searching inquiry into basic man-woman relationships.

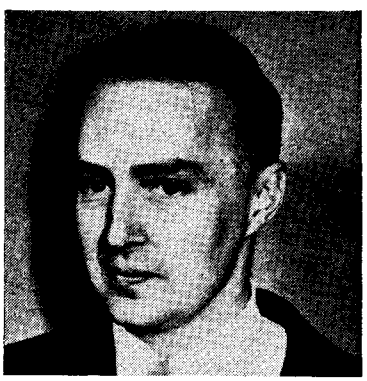
Few authors can transform such materials into art. Angus Wilson is one of them; so is James Purdy. With a curious combination of gentleness and savagery, he has produced in "Color of Darkness" several stories

—*Studio Lisa, Ltd.*

Rumer Godden—". . . classic quality, purity of style, clarity of vision."

—*Kay Bell.*

William Sansom—". . . variety, lavish scenic effects, sound storytelling."



James Purdy—". . . unhappy individuals struggling [for] communication."

—*Marcus Blechman.*

Anita Rowe Block—"problem-complication-climax-and-conclusion."

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which can only be described as remarkable.

Quite a different kind of writer is young Harold Brodkey with his deft stories of middle-class American life, all but one of which were originally published in *The New Yorker*. The chief virtue, perhaps, of "First Love and Other Sorrows" (Dial, $3.50) is Mr. Brodkey's quietly perceptive approach to nonexceptional human beings in customary or nonexceptional situations: the St. Louis boyhood of a pleasant, moderately sensitive boy only mildly disturbed by "being Jewish" ("it meant I could never be one of the golden people—the blond athletes with their easy charm"); the adolescent years of the same boy, going out for track, discussing philosophy and sex with his friends, and "falling in love."

In other stories, Mr. Brodkey's major character is a young woman, Laurie or Laura, whom we see in successive stories as an attractive and vivacious Wellesley junior dressing for a date; and as a young wife and mother nursing her first baby, having minor difficulties with her husband, and finally dozing happily while contemplating the advent of her second child. These are pleasant stories reaffirming the fact that human relationships are more important than philosophical speculation or that love is more vital than nuclear physics. But I wish, somehow, that before too long Mr. Brodkey would transfer his affections elsewhere. In spite of Laurie's obvious charm, she is likely, after a few more stories at any rate, to become pretty much of a bore.

The surface simplicity of Mr. Brodkey's stories is disarming; it is, of course, the result of real ability and hard work. Mr. Brodkey writes well, in a clear, uncomplicated, unaffected prose. He sees well, too; more important, he thinks about what he sees, and understands its meanings and implications. He is warmhearted without being a sentimentalist. As well as any of the younger writers of our times he has succeeded in capturing the essence of one segment of American youth in the post-World War II era.

It is perhaps unfair, and certainly unchivalrous, to compare the stories of Anita Rowe Block with those of James Purdy or Harold Brodkey. With only occasional exceptions, "Love Is a Four Letter Word" (Doubleday, $3.95) is characterized by the deliberate and competent mediocrity of radio soap operas, TV serials, and mass-circulation magazines. Her characters are almost exclusively "upper-class" ciphers: a famous Hollywood star who knows the financial value of "writers like Marquand and Hemingway and Herman Wouk"; a retired business magnate; a young $35,000-a-year executive. Around such characters, and in terms of such time-honored magazine situations as the desire to shine in society, or the struggle for economic advantage, Miss Block competently puts her stories together in accordance with the trustworthy pattern of problem-complication-climax-and-conclusion.

Miss Block's stories, however, tend to be uninteresting because her people are uninteresting, even when they are engaged in a variety of activities including cook-outs, drunkenness, and sexual promiscuity. They are, for the most part, devoid of real life; one-dimensional caricatures, they speak their lines obediently, play their parts, and vanish. Miss Block's language is frequently as hackneyed as her men and women; children "scuffle like two playful puppies"; a "balmy breeze wafts the scent of lilacs"; a young professor is "tall, lean, . . . with a shy smile."

IN DIRECT contrast is the short fiction of William Sansom. He is a delight to read, and it seems to me that he has never been better than he is in "A Touch of the Sun" (Reynal, $3.50), which is his seventh collection of short stories.

Admirable variety, effective characterization, lavish scenic effects, and good, sound storytelling are the hallmarks of Mr. Sansom's fiction. "Episode at Gastein," a gemlike short novel set in the Austrian mountains, presents one of his more memorable characters, the melancholy Ludwig de Broda, blood-brother to Joseph Conrad's men of "universal detachment" or Thomas Mann's semiparalyzed intellectual, Hans Castorp. De Broda, "alone in a world that had greatly changed," is convincing and interesting both as individual and symbol; his final scene, in which he contemplates suicide in a steaming bath of the old spa while the Austrian winter sighs and scratches at the windows, will remain in this reader's consciousness a long, long time. In marked and effective contrast is the lushly melodramatic "Impatience," in which two murderous barbers confront each other with drawn razors in a Soho barbershop, or "On Thorny Ground," the amusing saga of a mousy young man who becomes enamored of the seed-selling salesgirl of a large London department store.

Whether he writes of a terrified child alone in a large house with a drunken criminal, or of a Venetian gondolier succumbing to the charms of an English tourist who "years ago would have been . . . burned as a witch," or a restless artist who unwittingly drives his mistress to self-destruction, Mr. Sansom is constantly entertaining, constantly engrossing.

Mr. Sansom is so facile a storyteller

(*Continued on page* 31)

"Darling, we're nouveau riche!"

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A Personal Devil

"Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories," by Isaac Bashevis Singer *(Noonday Press. 205 pp. Clothbound, $3.50; paperbound, $1.25), offers in English a collection of short stories by a master Yiddish novelist.*

By Harold U. Ribalow

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, one of the finest and most powerful of contemporary Yiddish writers, used to insist that genuinely Jewish writing rings false in any languages apart from Yiddish and Hebrew. But his own work, now available in English translation, contradicts his own belief. "Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories," rendered into English by various hands including Saul Bellow, the late Isaac Rosenfeld, Norbert Guterman, and Elaine Gottlieb, is a remarkable collection of short stories. They are full of weird situations, of lustful and vain men and women, and of devils and imps and magic.

The title story concerns a naive, unfortunate man who is the butt of everyone's jokes, who marries a shrew five months' gone with child, and who is persuaded that he is the child's father even though his wife always rejects his timid advances. He lives with her for twenty years before she dies, and only upon her death bed does she confess—and he finally believe—that she has been unfaithful to him and that none of her six children are his. Shocked by this revelation, Gimpel flees his home town and becomes a wanderer, aware that "the world is entirely an imaginary world, but [that] it is only once removed from the true world." He recognizes that his time to leave this earth is close at hand, but "when the time comes I will go joyfully. Whatever may be there, it will be real, without complication, without ridicule, without deception. God be praised: there even Gimpel cannot be deceived."

The Gimpels of the world are Mr. Singer's special victims. The narrator of many of these stories is the Devil himself—or his demons and imps who make life miserable for men on earth. "From the Diary of One Not Born" is the story of a "half spirit, half demon, half air, half shade" who both exists and doesn't exist. This creature, "horned like a buck and winged like a bat, with the mind of a scholar and the heart of a highwayman," exists merely to create chaos on the earth and to become a practised master of evil. He arranges for a proud man,

—Jacket design for "Gimpel the Fool."

". . . half spirit, half demon."

who humbles himself by asking a brother-in-law for financial help, to lose the money granted him in a fire. He assumes the shape of a man, marries an elderly maiden, destroys her reputation, and gets rich by so doing. Asmodeus himself congratulates him.

If the reader accepts the concept of the Devil living among us all the time, coming down to the world, or sending his capable assistants to help him make man wicked, then most of Mr. Singer's tales are credible. "The Gentleman from Cracow," beautifully-told and translated by Norbert Guterman and Elaine Gottlieb, is one of the most vivid and clever in the book. The "gentleman" is really the chief of the devils, who visits the poverty-stricken town of Frampol in Poland, tosses money around wildly, persuades the townsfolk to reject their belief in God and to carouse and cavort, and then destroys the entire town by means of a fire. Slowly, the town is rebuilt, but the folk remain always poor, for they mistrust money: "A gold coin became an abomination in Frampol, and even silver was looked at askance." The Devil had conquered.

Each story is alive and believable even when the situations are patently fictional. In "The Wife Killer" an ugly old man manages to marry often, to destroy each wife, and to die a lonesome, hated old Jew. In "Joy" a rabbi gradually disintegrates when he questions the justice dispensed by God. In "The Mirror" an imp persuades a beautiful but vain wife to go with him to Hell. Mr. Singer blends imagination with vulgar patches of writing—surprising in Yiddish literature—but he is greatly gifted and his stories are etched sharply on the slate of memory.

By Demon-Possessed

"Forever Strangers," by Eleanor Mayo *(Norton. 254 pp. $3.75), describes the problems of a troubled Korean veteran and the divorcee with whom he falls in love in a coastal town in the State of Maine.*

By Edmund Fuller

AT ONE point in Eleanor Mayo's new novel, "Forever Strangers," Barney Cousins's sister-in-law cautions him: "Nobody ever got a round-trip ticket down an elevator shaft." Barney apparently settles for the only ticket he can get, for his one-way trip is what this book is all about. He is the fashionable anti-hero, laboring diligently at the destruction of himself and others, and succeeding brilliantly.

The great weakness of Miss Mayo's novel is the one so common to the genre. Illuminating insights into possible cause and effect are lacking. What demon possesses Barney is not made clear; in fact, there is hardly a theory offered.

The locale is a coastal town in Maine. Working for his brother, Sam, does not appeal to twenty-two-year-old Barney, restless after his army stint. A basic irresponsibility keeps him out of other employment, locally. Barney is given to self-pity, and to "I didn't mean to . . ." explanations. But as if such problems were not enough, he meets Sabra Baxter.

Sabra is divorced and has two young children—a girl and a boy. The boy is afflicted. From the generalized description, he may be a hydrocephalic case. The mother's supposed loyalty to the children manifests itself in gross neglect. Sabra lives with her parents. Her father is a strange, warped man, given to a kind of impromptu, prophetic evangelism. He accepts Barney's open affair with Sabra resigned if it weren't Barney it would be someone else.

Sabra is very beautiful, except at moments right after Barney has punched her into a mess, and Miss Mayo works hard to develop a sense of tragic, or even simply pathetic, love between the two. For me, she does not succeed. If I am to extend myself in empathy for these two lost spirits, I will need more grounds than this book gives.

Much the best part of the book, giving evidence of Miss Mayo's basic gifts, is the account of a six-month exile, court enforced, spent by Barney at a Maine woods logging camp. This episode demonstrates that Miss Mayo knows her region.

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Potpourri of Plaints

"The Clowns of Commerce," by Walter Goodman *(Sagamore Press. 278 pp. $4.95), and* ***"The Articulates," edited by John M. Henry*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 254 pp. $4), are both concerned with current social, political, and economic issues. They are reviewed by John S. Gambs, professor of economics at Hamilton College.*

By John S. Gambs

HERE are two books on the contemporary American scene. Both are easy to read, instructive, and sometimes amusing. In method and content, however, they differ enormously.

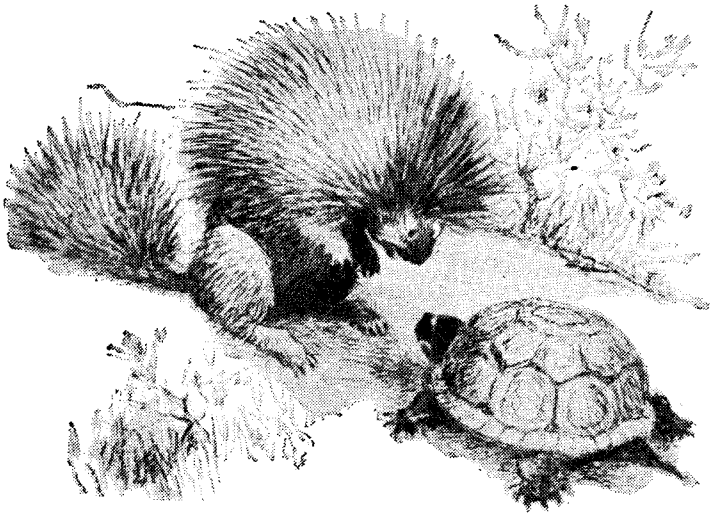
"The Clowns of Commerce" is a sort of free-floating attack on all sorts of things, from industrial espionage and TV spectaculars, to Billy Graham and the late Senator McCarthy. But it is primarily an attack on the men who write our advertisements. The author seems to feel that the culture of the Madison Avenue "clowns"—as he calls the admen—has diffused itself throughout our civilization infecting almost everything from evangelism to the highest levels of polite and aristocratic society. At least one-third of the book repeats the thesis first made known to us in "Your Money's Worth," by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, later iterated and reiterated in *Consumer Reports* and other publications: namely, that there are discrepancies between advertising claims and the performance of many products advertised. It is possible that Vance Packard's "The Hidden Persuaders" and William Sargant's "Battle for the Mind" appeared in print while Mr. Goodman's book was in press. If so, one can only condole with Mr. Goodman. Had he not been scooped, his book might have stood out as a more important contribution than it now is.

Portions of the material in "The Clowns of Commerce" were printed as articles in some of our liberal weeklies. Here they were probably read as good and timely reporting on such topics as the lipstick war between Hazel Bishop and Revlon, the toothpaste tournament, an incident in a proxy battle. Now strung along between hard covers months and years later, they lack unifying integument. The author does try to bind the book together with various devices and a few philosophical pages about clowns fooling even themselves, but his philosophy is a little disjointed and confusing. He is best at straight reporting. His stories of a meeting of Montgomery Ward stockholders with Wolfson, of how a Slenderella salon operates, of expense-account abuses, are very well done; but the only connection between his stories is that they reflect his strong dislikes.

Despite its faults, the book is a lively critique of American life; the author's flaming indignation is responsible for a few fine epithets and sentences. The jacket photograph reveals the writer as a quite young man; he gives promise of writing much better books when he is more seasoned.

"The Articulates," edited by John M. Henry, is another matter. Mr. Henry asked some twenty men and women of achievement to write, anonymously, on any topic close to their hearts. Their responses make up the book. Why the contributors should be pompously named "the articulates" is not made clear, but anyhow they include a former candidate for the American Presidency, the principal of a well-known preparatory school, several journalists, the head of "a large communications empire," a dean of a leading university, and more than a dozen other persons who have probably at least achieved "Who's Who." We know this because, although the contributors remain anonymous, each one is particularly identified in some way, usually by vocation. Most of the essays are illustrated by an appropriate cartoon selected from the large collection of Jay N. Darling's work, now in the Library of the State University of Iowa. Dr. Virgil M. Hancher, president of the university, has examined the correspondence that lay behind this collection of essays, and, in an introduction, vouches for the authenticity of the materials.

These articulates write about all sorts of things ranging from the value of college fraternities—rather a low point in the book—to the imperativeness of making the United Nations work. The one-time nominee of a major party for the Presidency writes against an American Bar Association proposal to appoint rather than elect judges. A former crime reporter tells us that stupid cops are a major cause of juvenile delinquency. A close advisor to one of the Presidents of the United States deplores the allegedly socialistic bias of American foundations. A farm-program official bids us cast aside our current sentimentality about the family-size farm as a way of life, and urges us to end our wheat surpluses and other agricultural problems by corporation farms. Two women leaders offer the hope



—By "Ding," from "The Articulates."

ARMED SECURITY—"Come on out, let's see you start something."

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that women in public life will contribute towards the maintenance of peace.

The idea that contributors should remain anonymous is novel, but one wonders whether this experiment has succeeded. The editor puts forward as one argument for the preservation of anonymity that ideas should be judged on their own merits, and not as emanations of noted persons, whom we may already have classified as friend or foe. Another argument is, of course, that anonymity may permit a franker discussion of problems closer to the heart. Certainly on this latter score the book seems to have failed.

It is impossible to tell what the contributors might have said had their names been published, to be sure, but none of the articulates appears to have chosen a truly daring subject or to have discussed it with striking candor. The topics are important enough and the manner of handling them is solid enough, but none of the essays has the provocativeness that might be conferred by a complete freedom from the fear of certain identification. Although the experiment does give some piquancy to the book, and challenges the reader to guess who, it never reveals the things that a David Lawrence or a Thomas Dewey might say if he really threw away restraint and committed to paper his innermost thoughts. Indeed, one even wonders whether Mr. Henry doesn't put the whole thing backwards. If J. Edgar Hoover says that stupid cops are a major cause of juvenile delinquency, we really have something. But if some anonymous TV producer, formerly a crime reporter, says this we have something that adds up to almost nothing at all.

The editor or anthologist always invites a slightly unfair kind of criticism: criticism for what he left out as well as for what he put in. It does seem a little curious that among his articulates Mr. Henry drew so many from politics and journalism, and so few from the realms of scholarship or professional achievement. There are no physicians, biologists, physicists, geologists, economists, psychologists, or psychiatrists included in his roster. A few Menningers, Paulings, or Gamows might have given this book a variety, depth, and significance that are now lacking. The basic plan, one must conclude, was a good one, but the editor has not found a representative group of articulates.

All in all, we have here two interesting commentaries on life in America today, but neither of them reaches top-level achievement.

Promotion Without Sin

"Persuasion for Profit," by Nicholas Samstag *(University of Oklahoma Press. 208 pp. $3.75), is the credo of a man with wide experience in promotion and public relations. Edward L. Bernays, who reviews it, is one of America's best-known authorities on public relations.*

By Edward L. Bernays

NICHOLAS Samstag's "Persuasion for Profit" is a brilliant work, a wise and stimulating analysis and synthesis of contemporary public relations problems based on the author's experience as a leader in the field. The content of the book is the subjective individual expression of the author rather than a balanced and objective exposition. It is his personal credo, hardly an examination, as the book jacket suggests, of all the procedures used in persuading others to accept "those truths which it is to your advantage to make known." This personal presentation provokes this reviewer to agreement and disagreement:

Disagreement: with the book's title, which covers more than its contents. Samstag's coverage applies broadly to his experience as director of promotion for *Time*, the weekly news magazine.

Agreement: with his conviction that in a democracy the process of persuasion implies consent and that men are swayed by motives other than logic.

Disagreement: with his definition of public relations, "making known to those whose good will is important to a company the facts about that company's history, personality, and standards, its good works in the public interest, and its popular attitudes toward public questions in order to create and to maintain for it a climate favorable to selling." That is too narrow. Public relations covers a two-way, not a one-way process. It covers persuasion of the public and adjustment of client attitudes and actions to conform with public interest.

Agreement: with the author's definition of a promotion opportunity, how to recognize it, how to cultivate it and present it, so important to the practitioner.

Agreement: with his penetrating, incisive comment on market research, the dangers of inadequate research, and the great importance of interpretation of research. Samstag deplores the fact that so many researchers persuade clients they have found *the* answer when they have found only one answer. Corporations thinking of employing motivation researchers who offer magic answers might read this chapter and save their money.

Agreement: with his list of strategies of promotion, a fascinating and suggestive listing by a poet rather than an engineer: surprise, participation, association, disassociation, crossroads, personalization, bland withdrawal, apparent withdrawal, runner-up omission, and mosaic.

Disagreement: when he confounds creativity and innovation. Creativity stems from flashes of insight often rejected by consumer and client alike. Innovation is a planned approach to slight changes, more readily accepted.

Agreement: with his points on the conflict between commercial and so-called creative writing and the compromises promotional writers make.

The last chapter, the most provocative, raises questions on status and ethics of the advertising man. Regrettably, he has not answered these questions fully. Maybe there is no complete answer. Samstag believes the promotion man has guilt feelings because dichotomy often makes adjustment difficult. He may be a Christian Scientist in an agency that handles medical advertising, a Republican in an agency that handles the Democratic Party, or vice versa, and so on. Samstag feels that compromise is necessary and that every man must decide at what point he will refuse to do things against his conscience.

BREAKFAST FOOD: That peculiarly American institution, the cornflake, is the subject of Gerald Carson's **"Cornflake Crusade"** (Rinehart, $4.95), began in

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Battle Creek, Michigan, at the turn of the century as part of a drive toward better nutrition. There is still a long way to go, of course, for millions in this country—although we spend more per capita for food than in any other nation—are suffering from malnutrition. This widespread deficiency is a product of lack of knowledge of how to eat rather than a lack of money. It was to this problem that Dr. John Harvey Kellogg addressed himself. Like many of his predecessors, among them the Rev. Sylvester Graham, who died in 1851 after a long life of advocating Scripture-based diets, he preached nutrition linked to the Bible. Dr. Graham is responsible for the graham cracker, and Dr. Kellogg for the cornflake. They started out as evangelists, preaching what nowadays we would call food faddism, and linking Christianity to "scientific" eating.

At Battle Creek wheat, bran, corn, oats, and rice were made into new and intriguing foods that required no cooking and could be kept indefinitely in a cardboard box. Dr. Kellogg's way with a grain was backed by the merchandising and advertising genius of Charles W. Post and the exploitation ability of W. K. Kellogg, Dr. Kellogg's younger brother. Dr. Kellogg knew that the diet at the Battle Creek Sanitarium was dull, and he invented some four-score food products, most of them based on grains and nuts, among them the now-staple peanut butter and the breakfast cereal flakes of one sort or another. The two Kelloggs and Mr. Post fought among themselves and with the legion of imitators, but together, however unwillingly, they managed to remake a nation's breakfast habit. With delvings into the hidden motivations that persuade a choice to go in this direction instead of that, they set other lands, too, to munching away by the millions. It is a fascinating story, and at the same time, a little unexpectedly, an amusing one. There is much of interest equally to the businessman and to the homemaker on the background of the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act.

—William M. Freeman.

DULY NOTED: "The A. F. of L. in the Time of Gompers," by Philip Taft (Harper, $6.75), details the history of a union which grew powerful under the strong leadership of Samuel Gompers. On another level it presents the activity of the labor movement from 1881 to the Twenties in a panoramic social and political setting. A compact, indispensable guide that also has considerable appeal for lay readers.

"Economic Institutions and Human Welfare," by John Maurice Clark (Knopf, $5.50), puts between covers a select number of essays by a distinguished Columbia University economist. His main concern is with the human and community factors which underlie the economic "market," without ignoring the role of politics. Incisive thinking and stimulating reading.

"Social Responsibilities of Organized Labor," by John A. Fitch (Harper, $3.50), analyzes the weaknesses and strengths of unions as related to the fulfillment of obligations to members, other workers, employers, and society. Mr. Fitch believes, too, that the public has an obligation to go beyond newspaper headlines to acquaint itself with the facts. His own well-balanced book should help readers towards the goal.

"The American Business System: A Historical Perspective, 1900-1955," by Thomas C. Cochran (Harvard University Press, $4.75), surveys, evaluates, and capsules the changes from old-style capitalism to the new with the year 1929 as a demarcation line. Stress is placed on social trends and the rise of a managerial class whose unprecedented responsibilities have made it somewhat self-conscious. Professor Cochran of the University of Pennsylvania presents a well-integrated and persuasive commentary.

"Adventures in Small Business," by the editors of *Fortune* (McGraw-Hill, $3.75), offers 119 selections from *Fortune* Magazine's monthly feature on small business success stories. In almost all cases the entrepreneur starts with a shoestring and a prayer and winds up with yearly earnings in six and seven figures.

Apparently all one needs are ideas: flavor straws for the tots; year-round fashion swim suits; de luxe cakes vended coffee; aluminum shingles. All this may give heart to some who are depressed by the high mortality rates of small business in these tightening days.

"The Big Name," by William M. Freeman (Printers' Ink Books, $3.75), shows to what degree the proper testimonial influences sales volumes. For the most part this is an eye-opening roster of celebrities who endorse products professionally and the care with which they are chosen to exude consumer appeal.

Mr. Freeman's book is a sensible guide for advertisers and a lode of anecdotes for consumers.

—Ray Briggs.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"I'VE GOT A SECRET"
(Thank you, TV)

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the literary characters concerned with the ten secrets briefly hinted at below. Also identify the works and their authors. All the cats are out of the bag on page 36.

1. He never told his wife that the questionable character/to whom he had been sending money/was her own mother.
2. His family and friends thought him a respectable middle-class bore until he felt the necessity of shocking them with the news that he was the ringleader of a band of counterfeiters.
3. He gave no hint about his love for a beautiful girl, but helped his rival win her.
4. This Tartar princess kept her warrior husband from learning that they had a son until the child, grown up, was dying.
5. For years he hoodwinked his wife and family in Wilmington about his wife and family in Philadelphia, and vice versa.
6. When he was freed from prison by the Governor of Kentucky because of his bravery in fighting a prison fire, he made certain the Governor did not know he had started the fire himself.
7. She suffered through many distressing hours to keep her husband from finding out that his fifteen-year-old boy by another marriage was making dangerous assaults on their infant son.
8. He knew that the corpse the family had buried on the mountainside was not his brother's but there was the ten thousand dollars' insurance money and besides he wanted to marry his brother's wife.
9. Having kept his wife in ignorance as to his real identity, this artist failed to make her believe him when he first told her the truth.
10. He concealed his hatred of his first wife so well that no one surmised he had murdered her.

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Human Side of Profit

"And the Price Is Right," by Margaret Case Harriman *(World. 318 pp. $4),* ***"Since 1845," by Mildred F. Stone*** *(Rutgers University Press. 236 pp. $4.50),* ***"Anaconda," by Isaac F. Marcosson*** *(Dodd, Mead. 370 pp. $5), and* ***"Enterprise in Oil," by Kendall Beaton*** *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 815 pp. $7.50), represent a quartet of business and industrial histories of interest to the general reader. The four books are reviewed by William M. Freeman, financial-business news writer for* The New York Times, *who is author of "The Big Name."*

By William M. Freeman

THERE have recently been a number of books published relating the history of various big-business enterprises in this country. The fact that some of them are "authorized" chronicles should not militate against their being enjoyed by readers as colorful portions of the American canvas.

Take Macy's—a household word throughout the U.S. It stands for the world's largest store—$900 a year for executives' white carnations, another $525 for red ones for expert salespeople—and it stands for a host of other superlatives. In "And the Price Is Right" Margaret Case Harriman, author of "Blessed Are the Debonair" and many profiles in *The New Yorker*, tells how Macy's got that way and how it affects the lives of millions.

For more than a century the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company has been writing policies that have safeguarded families to the extent of billions of dollars. Mildred F. Stone, the company's only woman official, reports in "Since 1845" the origin and progress of Mutual, and what makes it tick.

Copper affects every one of us. It brings us electricity and it is used in hundreds of products and appliances that are essential to our daily living. How poor boys became copper kings and how a hole in the ground became an empire of red-yellow metal is the burden of "Anaconda," by Isaac F. Marcosson.

Nations have been won and lost on oil, and giant concerns that explore for black gold, find it, and sell it in the world market have contributed mightily to history. "Enterprise in Oil," by Kendall Beaton, details how the American Shell companies grew over the last forty years and how oil was discovered and processed, with high adventure at every step of the way.

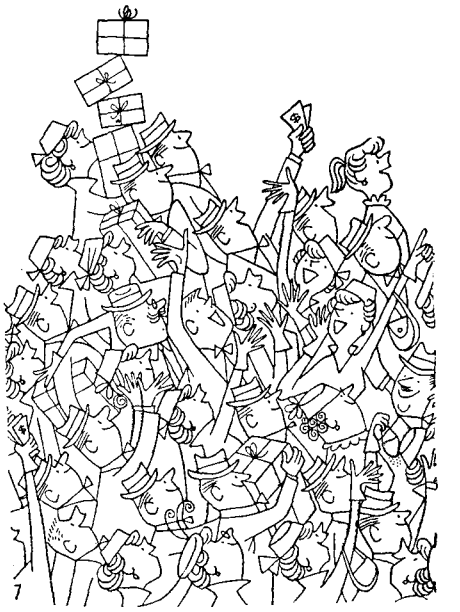
These four are called business books, but the subjects with which they deal—retailing, life insurance, copper mining, oil—are so much a part of our lives that they might better be termed human-interest volumes.

Certainly, human interest is the chief ingredient of Mrs. Harriman's anecdote-studded history of Macy's. (She tells how Jesse Straus summarily discharged a stock boy he found playing with electric trains in the toy department, giving him three weeks' pay on the spot out of his own wallet. It was then, pocketing the money, that the youth remarked that he was a stock boy, not at Macy's, but at Gimbel's.) However, at the outset, Rowland H. Macy, the Quaker sea captain who had for a guide the red star that is now Macy's trademark, did not do very well as a retailer. He followed an entry in his ledger covering one of several failing enterprises with the gloomy observation. "I have worked Two Years for Nothing. Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!"

But he kept on trying, and, with a string of failures behind him, including one in California that banked on the gold miners of '49 as customers, finally made the grade. It was he who hit on the now-famed practice of underselling for cash, and the store stayed with that concept until 1939, when the cash-time and other installment methods were introduced.

THE first successful Macy operation in New York was begun in 1858, when, with the '57 panic over, the time was ripe. Other stores appealed to the carriage trade; but Captain Macy, with his lower-for-cash policy, went after the masses. The formula was a success, and the end of the first year saw a gross of $90,000.

Captain Macy's advertising was far ahead of his competitors', and it brought in the trade. The store expanded steadily, absorbing small



—"From "And the Price Is Right."

"Macy's—a household word."

operations near by. Free deliveries were added, with wagons drawn by horses that had won ribbons at shows helping to advertise the store.

Along about 1874 one Lazarus Straus leased space from the captain to sell china and glass; and it was his two sons, Isidor and Nathan, who eventually took over the enterprise. In 1888 they became partners of Charles B. Webster, who had assumed control on Captain Macy's passing, and the store began its sharp climb. Now there is a good deal more than the parent store. There are thirty-two branches and affiliates throughout the country, with a total sales volume in 1956 of almost $400 millions. Mrs. Harriman has written an absorbing account of the store that is an integral part of the American scene.

Miss Stone's account of Mutual Benefit Life's expansion over more than a century was written originally for the company's employees, but it turned out to be so crammed with fascinating minutiae that fill in the backdrop of history that the Rutgers University Press has published it for the general public. There are illuminating details on how insurance played a part in America's growth, how slaves were insured by their owners, how the company helped to set a pattern for investment in Government securities, and, more than anything else, how insurance is quite a bit more than a multiplicity of actuaries and I.B.M. machines.

Mr. Marcosson's scholarly volume on the Anaconda Company would make a fine movie. It is a tale of romance and adventure, of poor boy to

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Mahatma Gandhi: Ten Years After

Editor's Note: *The following guest-editorial is by Dr. Homer A. Jack, minister of the Unitarian Church of Evanston (Illinois), author of "The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi" and "The Gandhi Reader."*

IT IS just a decade on January 30 since Mohandas K. Gandhi, apostle of non-violence, was assassinated as he was going to his daily prayer meeting in New Delhi. Never in recent history have so many grieved so genuinely.

Gandhi's greatest contribution was *satyagraha*, or non-violent resistance, which he shrewdly devised from Thoreau, Tolstoy, the Sermon on the Mount, and his own Hindu scriptures. *Satyagraha* has not languished through disuse because of the death of Gandhi. If anything, it has increasingly become a universal method for an individual, a group, or an entire people to use against such evils as racism and colonialism. His death, more than the last months of his life, quieted the communal tension between Hindus and Moslems as the great Indian sub-continent was torn apart by partition.

In India itself, Gandhi soon took his indisputable place as the Father of His Country. There are photographs of him everywhere in India today, in public buildings and private homes. There is a constant stream of visitors to the Rajghat, the platform where Gandhi's remains were cremated in Delhi. A week after the death of Gandhi, the Indian National Congress issued an appeal for a National Memorial Fund. An equivalent of $22 million was raised.

The significant legacy of Gandhi in India begins with Jawaharlal Nehru. They worked closely for thirty-two years. It was not a simple relationship, this interplay between the George Washington and the Abraham Lincoln of India. Mr. Nehru never accepted Gandhi's philosophy completely and Gandhi had no illusions that he did. But in the end, and indeed long before the end, Gandhi considered Nehru his successor, asserting in 1942: "He will take my place when I am gone. He has never accepted my method in its entirety. He has frankly criticized it." For all of Nehru's criticism of Gandhi in his autobiographical writings, he repeatedly acknowledged that Gandhi had "an amazing knack of reaching the heart of the people." Nehru called Gandhi "India's greatest peasant" and Gandhi repeatedly cast a magic spell over Nehru himself as he cast it over the Indian people as a whole.

In the decade since Gandhi's death, India has made some obvious departures from the road of Gandhism. The Indian armed forces did not shrivel away—as Gandhi would have hoped. The Indian National Congress continued to maintain political power, although on the day of his death Gandhi was trying to get Congress out of government politics. In broad outline, however, Prime Minister Nehru has maintained and extended the Gandhian heritage in conspicuous ways, especially in Indian foreign policy. A specialized aspect of Gandhism in India's international affairs was the non-violent mass march of Indians into Goa in August 1955. However, this mass *satyagraha* did not have the blessings of Mr. Nehru and, in the end, was stopped by him.

As for the impact of Gandhi on India's domestic affairs in a decade, his followers were somewhat frustrated in the months and years immediately following his death. There was increasing lip-service to Gandhi, but the Indian National Congress became preoccupied with the political responsibilities of power. The Gandhian movement seemed to drift. Then Vinoba Bhave arrived on the scene, and started to walk from village to village asking for land for the landless.

The spirit of Gandhi suddenly became alive in India again. Soon other aspects of Gandhi's constructive program took new life. There was renewed emphasis on village industries, especially the production of homespun cloth—*khadi*—and on basic education. Part of the magic of Gandhi was that he added something unique to whatever he touched—and this was promptly institutionalized, everything from easing the plight of the untouchables to the inclusive religious group overarching Hinduism and Christianity through the "Fellowship of the Friends of Truth."

THE legacy of Gandhism beyond India's borders began before his death. One early aspect was the work of a tiny group in America named CORE (Committee of Racial Equality). In the early 1940s CORE adapted Gandhi's non-violent methods to the American race relations scene, especially in "opening up" restaurants and theatres to Negroes in the North. The bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, starting in December 1955, was an extension of this technique to the American South, although it was quite independently started. The Gandhian techniques of non-violence against colonial tyranny have been used in other parts of the world. Kwume Nkrumah, architect of the freedom of Ghana, wrote in his autobiography how he made plans to use "as a last resort, the constitutional application of strikes, boycotts, and non-cooperation based on the principle of absolute non-violence, as used by Gandhi in India."

These are a few of the ways in which Gandhi has become more than a memory in the post-Gandhian world. In 1940 Gandhi wrote, "If Gandhism is another name for sectarianism, it deserves to be destroyed. If I were to know, after my death, that what I stood for had degenerated into sectarianism, I should be deeply pained." There are multiple indications that Gandhism is becoming a way of life today, not a sterile sect. The memory and the method of Gandhi are helping the world to attain what Mr. Nehru said was Gandhi's objective: to wipe every tear from every eye.

—Homer A. Jack.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SPACE-TIME TABLES

JAMES AVERY JOYCE's guest-editorial (*SR* Jan. 4) explains that the "space" above a given sovereign point on the earth's surface is swiftly changing all the time. Lawyers resort to meteorological surveys when it becomes important to the interests of a client. Conceivably, similar charts can be prepared correlating the data upon which legal rights may be founded for any one earth-state. Consulting our schedules, time-space tables if you will, we learn in relation to a specific moment which sovereignty may properly press its local laws in such matters as "crimes, contracts, business, and domestic relations . . . etc."

JULIUS CHAIET.

New York, N. Y.

AUDIENCE REVOLT

LET ROBERT SHAYON give us a few of his always well-chosen words on the inevitability of pay-TV. I'll turn my set on only when it comes. I'm fed to the teeth, as millions of other viewers must be, with the inane, repetitious vaporings of the men in gray flannel suits every time I become interested in something being broadcast. I'll certainly never buy any of the products so hawked and there must be others who feel the same way about it.

ROBERT M. WORK, SR.

Tujunga, Calif.

SERVICE AND SCHWEITZER

HAVING JUST finished reading N.C.'s "Lambarene and the Spirit of Schweitzer" (*SR* Dec. 28), I cannot refrain from thanking *SR* heartily for that article. Some of us have been getting inspiration from Albert Schweitzer's books and life for twenty years, but to so many folks he is a new acquaintance. N.C.'s penetrating article will perform a fine service to whoever reads it.

CAROLINE W. DECKMAN.

New York, N. Y.

KNOWLEDGE OVER MYTH

N. C. SPEAKS eloquently for man's need for myth. He may be right; so much the worse for man. May I suggest that truth —tenuous, changing, and only probable— is quite enough? And that most of man's messes are perpetuated by his myths? Further, may one suggest that renunciation may be neither very valuable nor necessary? The solution of those human problems which concern us does not require renunciation, myth-building, self-sacrifice, or hero-worship. It requires knowledge.

HARRY FISHER.

Houston, Tex.

NOT A PROPHET

I TAKE EXCEPTION to one of N.C.'s statements. I quote, "The most important prophecy of Jesus was proved to be historically false." Jesus was God made Man. He was incapable of being in error. He was not a prophet in the sense the word is ordinarily used.

WAYNE A. CHESLEDON, M. D.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As the French Biblical scholar Charles Guignebert puts it: "Jesus appears to have avoided giving too definite an answer to the question of the exact time of the setting-up of the Kingdom. He did not offer precise calculations after the manner of the apocalyptic writers; but it is clear that he believed and asserted that the time was at hand." This prediction of Jesus can be found in at least three places in the Gospels: Matthew x,23; Mark ix,1; and Mark xiii,30.*

HOUSTON'S NOT SO BAD

WHEN TRADE WINDS (*SR* Dec. 21) reports that Texas has "the largest city in the U. S. with racial segregation," it should specify the kind of *apartheid* it has in mind: educational, occupational, residential, transportational . . . what? Since Houston is the largest city in Texas and the South, the reference is clear, but are the facts? Professor Donald Cowgill, reporting in the *American Sociological Review* for February 1956, lists six American cities, all larger than Houston (1950), having more residential racial segregation. By rank order these are Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, and Philadelphia.

GWYNN NETTLER.

Houston, Tex.

VAST NEW FIELD

RE JEROME Beatty's TRADE WINDS (*SR* Jan. 4): Henry Gross was *not* a professional water-dowser until Kenneth Roberts persuaded him to devote full time to the solution of the water-dowsing mysteries. The scientific roar that followed was reminiscent of the pro-Edison screams against Westinghouse's alternating-current. The facts still haven't been determined. J. B. Rhine and others carry on. If science ever deigns to become objective about water-dowsing and ESP, as it has been forced to become about space-travel, a vast new field of power-manifestation may open up.

ROBERT WEST HOWARD.

Chicago, Ill.

BLIND, NOT BLAND

I AGREE WITH your printers that "blandness" is not a desirable trait; but the word I intended in my review of Howard Fast's "The Naked God" (*SR* Dec. 14) was not "blandness" but "blindness." Mr. Fast was not notably bland as a Communist, but he was undeniably blind.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

ALL THE WORLD

MAY I TAKE issue with Henry Hewes in his use of the adjective "popular" in his review of "The Music Man" (*SR* Jan. 4)? Would not the phrase "universal in appeal" be more specific? Surely he must be aware that all the world loves a band and that we in the United States especially love our U.S. bands. Also, everyone, everywhere has a soft spot in their hearts for handicapped children and rejoices at their cure. Finally, all the world loves love.

MARJORY FLEISHER.

New York, N.Y.

MISPLACED ALEXANDER

IT IS NOT on record that Alexander the Great ever visited Athens, either before or after he "had conquered the world" (TRADE WINDS, *SR* Nov. 23). According to J. B. Bury's "A History of Greece," it was outside the gates of Corinth that Alexander is supposed to have encountered Diogenes.

J. W. EATON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"Sanity" Observed

EUGENE IONESCO has, I think, theatre importance that extends beyond his ability as a writer. At a moment when our contemporary theatre is becoming more and more literary and is lagging more and more behind what O'Casey calls the "satirical and fantastical nature" of an erratic world, along comes a man who decides to attack the problem not with psychological analysis, literary statement, or high-sounding cliché, but with basic theatrical exploration. The technique is simple. The characters are general types. The situations are usual. But the action and dialogue follow whatever course will amplify the absurdity inherent in the contradictions of each immediate moment.

"The Chairs" deals with a wife and husband, both of whom are in their dotage. The lonely couple decide to invite the dignitaries of their country to listen to a message the old man has been working on during his lifetime. It is a message to save the world. Imaginary guests begin to arrive and each new arrival requires the couple to get them a real chair. The polite conversations with the various invisibles bring out the secret selves husband and wife would never show to each other. The talk also catches the absurdity of a Pollyannish society in which the most disgraceful behavior is tolerated because the gulf between words and acts has become unbridgeable. As the play proceeds, Ionesco makes ridiculous the notion that fundamental problems are soluble when he has the old man say, "To prevent the exploitation of man by man, we need money, money, and still more money!"

The ridicule is not subtle, but it has an effective dramatic suddenness. When the old man is overwhelmed by the unexpected presence of his King, he has the traditional impulse to be obsequious. But he is failing rather badly until he hits on the perfect solution. He barks like a dog. Finally he and his wife commit suicide together at this, the zenith of their happiness, and an orator delivers the old man's message. It turns out to be a series of strained sounds that make no sense. Thus, the life of a man is remembered by his struggle to say something rather than by any permanent wisdom he is able to arrive at.

Tony Richardson's production is visually impressive although it could have used more staccato quality. Its best moment is the one where the two principals stand transfixed in a forest of chairs while all the doors flap uncontrollably and confetti and tape cascade down on them. The world at its most chaotic is also the world at its most glorious. The giddiness is all.

Eli Wallach gives a skilful and robust performance, as does the young British actress, Joan Plowright, though she tends to overdo the assumed appurtenances of old age.

The second half of the Ionesco program is **"The Lesson,"** which illustrates the simultaneous horror and absurdity of the tutoring process. The play gives us a professor, tied to the boring and exasperating job of teaching in a provincial town, giving a lesson to a young girl of sub-par capacity. Step by step we watch him work himself up from polite annoyance to homicidal mania. When he does murder his pupil we feel that the consequence to the victim is less horrible than the derangement to the murderer. Max Adrian achieves a nice combination of pedantry and incipient madness. And Joan Plowright's pupil is the essence of schoolgirl stupidity.

Actually, what these Ionesco plays require is for the actor to fluctuate quickly between the intensely tragic and the hysterically comic. And somewhere out of this nonsensical alternation comes to us the terror and splendor of being alive once we recognize that there is no way to achieve even a modest utopia. If M. Ionesco is not as thoroughly engrossing and as continuously entertaining as we would like, he is at least unpretentious. If his plays lack dramatic momentum, they at least have a pattern. And his application of pure theatre to life as it is without reference to life "as it should be" is refreshing.

BEFORE discussing Tennessee Williams's **"Suddenly One Summer,"** one should read his short story, "Desire and the Black Masseur." Not just because both deal with cannibalism, but because of one sentence in the old short story on which the philosophic validity of a great deal of this fine playwright's work rests. The sentence: "By surprise is a man's desire discovered, and once discovered the only need is surrender."

If we accept this deterministic statement, we accept the jungle of homosexuality, alcoholism, masochism, sadism, and now cannibalism with which he surrounds his characters. By living exposed to these forces this sensitive and poetic writer has amassed the experience out of which he could create fine drama. At the same time he has been left increasingly disturbed.

Those of us who have followed Mr. Williams's career closely are thus tempted to find occasional autobiographical hints in the deceased Stephen Venable, with whose anthropophagous death "Suddenly One Summer" is concerned. When early in the play, the mother of the dead poet tells us how on one occasion Stephen had seen God in the peace that followed watching the horrible massacre of thousands of newly-born turtles by hungry and vicious birds, we wonder if the playwright himself finds barbarousness the necessary prelude to a peace he equates with God. When later on the mother says that most people's lives are trails of debris, but that Stephen's was a trail of beautiful sculpture, we again think of the playwright. And when the young doctor speaks of the uncertainty of reconstructing a whole individual after the erasure of psychotic disturbances, we see Mr. Williams's own anxieties about entering psychoanalysis.

These thoughts and personal revelations form a vital addition to Williams's total work. Yet "Suddenly One Summer" is more a third act than it is a total play. In it the rich Mrs. Venable is endeavoring to nurture a good reputation for her dead son, but her efforts are challenged by the report of her niece who accompanied him on his last fateful trip to Europe. Fortunately for the mother, the niece is in such a state of shock from having witnessed the horrible death, she has been committed to an insane asylum. To make sure, the mother wants to have the doctors perform a lobotomy to expunge the event from the niece's memory. However, the examining surgeon turns out to be less corrupt than the rest of the world and his findings are a plea for the understanding of the difference between coldly sane brutality like the mother's and passionately insane brutality like the birds' and the murderers'. One is unnatural and the other natural.

The leading role of the "insane" Catherine Holly is acted with the utmost beauty and intelligence by Anne Meacham, and she holds our attention when the rest of the proceedings do not. And they frequently do not because we recognize that Catherine Holly is telling the truth long before we should, and the characters that surround her are one-dimensional. Does this make it a sub-par play? Perhaps, but the fable is unforgettable and the revelations torn from a real personal agony. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

One Man's Movie

"I'M AFRAID there isn't room for my kind of picture any more," said producer Joseph L. Mankiewicz to a nationwide television audience a few Sundays ago. Speaking to him in his quietly modern Manhattan office several days later revealed the full nature of his dilemma. "I like to do pictures that deal with some intriguing problem or some unusual, not quite normal character. But what is intriguing to me isn't necessarily intriguing to millions of potential moviegoers. I can't produce blockbusters, I don't want to make safe, ordinary little pictures, and I'm worried as hell about how the public is going to take to my **'Quiet American.'** How many of them ever heard of Michael Redgrave? And what will Audie Murphy fans think when they find their hero dead in the mud in the very first shot?"

Mankiewicz, a vigorous, youngish man of forty-eight, admitted that it was the character of Fowler, the forbidding English journalist, that attracted him to the Graham Greene novel. "I've often wanted to do a picture about one of those ice-blooded intellectuals whose intellectualism is really just a mask for completely irrational passion," he said. "Fowler, I felt, was such a charracter."

"The Quiet American," shot through with anti-American sentiment and unmotivated action, is not one of Greene's most distinguished works. But Mankiewicz himself prepared the script, clarifying the central character, making the American both more credible and truer to the earnest, hard-working, apolitical types that he had found in Indo-China—and pruning away in the process much of Greene's anti-American bite. The final matching of wits between Fowler (Michael Redgrave) and the French Inspector (Claude Dauphin) who suspects his complicity in the murder of the American boy is the most brilliantly-written sequence in the entire picture. And it's all Mankiewicz.

Actually, Mankiewicz deserves credit in every department. As writer he has taken a slender, unsatisfactory book and produced characters with real dimensions, characters who speak believably and excitingly (even though, at times, their motivations remain a bit obscure). As producer he has taken a large, expensive company out to the Far East and brought back a picture hot with the menace of Communist night-marauders on a lonely road and bomb outrages brazenly staged by broad daylight. And as writer-director he has succeeded in balancing taut action passages against dialogue sequences that are both challengingly written and superbly played. If this is the kind of picture that there isn't room for any more, the movies might just as well close up right now.

* * *

"The Tarnished Angels" (Universal) is a considerably polished-up version of William Faulkner's "Pylon"—a novel that could stand some polishing. As Faulkner told it, it was a steamy story of a group of barnstorming pilots in the early Thirties, people with machines for hearts and fuel oil in their veins. Ex-war pilots, they lived by their own private code and with a sole ambition, to keep on flying. For Faulkner they had a special interest: they were the symbol of what machines can do to men in a mechanized society. George Zuckerman's screenplay has stripped away the symbolism but retained a surprising amount of the raw emotion of the novel. His characters are depraved, immoral, almost irrational, driven by the thrill of flying and the raging urge for that thrill. Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, and Jack Carson succeed in conveying much of this as the daredevil trio, and Rock Hudson is moderately effective as a young newspaperman who stumbles into their lives at Mardi Gras time.

* * *

In **"Gates of Paris"** (Lopert) René Clair reveals that he is still one of the world's great directors. It is a small work—deceptively small, deceptively quiet. A gunman breaks away from the police and hides out in the shack of an artist and his friend, an aging wastrel. The old fellow conceals the wounded gangster, and in nursing him back to health finds at least a reason for his life: Someone needs him. Clair has gone back to the *milieu* of such earlier works as "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "Quatorze Juillet," but with a depth and humanity alien to him up to now. There are still shafts of wit and delicate irony, still brilliant directorial touches. More important than this, however, is the gentle, mellow atmosphere that pervades the film. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Virtues of Valletti, Haieff, Wilderman, Balanchine

CESARE VALLETTI'S recital in Town Hall posed the interesting question: How well does a man (specifically a tenor) have to sing in order to draw an audience proportionate to his artistry? A previous recital, four years ago, should have removed any skepticism about his ability, just as his mounting successes at the Metropolitan should have enlarged his fame. His full evening of artful performance was applauded by less than half the number of listeners the hall can hold.

Doubtless it is because Valletti is a paradox that he finds himself, presently, in a kind of ideational no-man's-land. An Italian by name and training, he sings Schubert beautifully; a tenor by trade, he performs like a musician; a young man in years, he has a veteran's assurance and discipline. Let us hope, also, that he has the strength of purpose to persevere until those who talk about their love of fine singing do something about it at the box office.

There is rarely such a thing as vocal stress in Valletti's performances —all is suavely, smoothly, affectionately formed with as much concern for a sense of musical sound as he has for sound musical sense. His stylistic range enabled him to move easily from "Ne Pur Ardor" out of Jacopo Peri's early "Euridice" to "O Wie Aengstlich" from Mozart's "Entführung," en route to a Schubert group compellingly performed. He has the liveliness of mind to make a charming effect with Scarlatti's "Che vuole Innamorarsi," as well as the mastery of sustained breath to take Schubert's "Nacht und Traume" at a dangerously relaxed pace without faltering. In Handel's "Ne men con l'Ombre" it enabled him to produce a swell and diminuendo on a turn that recalled the grand manner of McCormack or Schipa. He profited also from the wise choice of Leo Taubman as accompanist.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S second week with the Philharmonic, devoted in part to a pair of fourth symphonies, unintentionally pointed the problem facing himself and the orchestra in their common future. One was Mendelssohn's "Italian," the other a work of David Diamond composed in 1948. It is no mere word-play to say that his Mendelssohn sounded, sometimes, like Diamond—a rough one at that—while his Diamond was polished to the transparency usually associated with Mendelssohn.

Certainly it would seem that a musician who functions with so much command in the complicated idiom of today should find the uncomplicated one of Mendelssohn no problem. But, for all his apparent verve and participation, he didn't find a natural, unconstrained way of saying what there is to say in Mendelssohn. The allegros were tense and overwrought, the slower movements lacking in breath and suppleness.

At the Saturday night concert, in which the Diamond symphony came between Alexei Haieff's "Ballet in E" and Teo Macero's "Fusion," all was of a piece and the pieces were all Bernstein's. In addition to pace and direction, he gave the Diamond a sound of its own, a tonal profile both distinct and personal. The finale struck me as a little overwritten, but it is otherwise a beautifully realized conception. Haieff's "Ballet" is sophisticated without being superficial, and witty without being witless. The premises are all musical, the pleasures equally earfilling. Macero's "Fusion," however, is another kind of enterprise in which a jazz ensemble of five participates. Macero is a young composer with a good deal of conviction, and the courage of it; in this piece, he doesn't strike me as bold enough, however. The two ensembles operate too much apart from each other, the "Fusion" of the title lacking validity perhaps because of insufficient heat. The orchestra begins, then the jazz ensemble takes over; the orchestra resumes and the jazz group reprises, but there is more pro- and con-"fusion" than the composer intended. It was vivaciously performed, if with a little cheating (the jazz ensemble had its own conductor hidden in the rear ranks). The soloist through the four concerts was Mischa Elman, discoursing tonal balm for the aurally wounded in Beethoven (midweek) and Mendelssohn (week-end).

A GENERALLY quiet pre-"Vanessa" week at the Metropolitan produced an applaudable debut in the first appearance of basso William Wilderman as Padre Guardiano in "Forza." His pliant, well-focussed voice doesn't have the opulence of such Italian predecessors as Pinza or Siepi, but its own character is a worthy one, applied always to musical purposes. Wilderman's route to the Metropolitan stage (Salmaggi, San Carlo, City Center) has not been easy, but his surefooted artistry showed him well-prepared for the rough spots. It was also a successful evening (as Leonora) for Mary Curtis-Verna and Carlo Bergonzi, who is better-suited to Don Carlo than to some heavier roles.

The visual joys contributed to our lives by George Balanchine were augmented by an aural one when his "Gounod Symphony" had its delayed premiere by the New York City Ballet. For reasons undisclosed, this work of the "Faust" creator's thirty-sixth year was all but unknown here until Howard Shanet presented it with the Columbia University in 1955. Its melodic and formal diversions prompted Balanchine to a response which promises to make it as well known as the later Bizet "Symphony in C."

It is another demonstration of Balanchine's seemingly endless capacity for embroidering attractive music with spontaneous, well-bred movement. His "needles" here are Maria Tallchief and Jacques D'Amboise, and they are worked back and forth against Gounod's texture with a deftness and ease that conceals the vast amount of skill deployed. It makes a particularly engaging pattern of the allegretto. Proper credit should include a cheer for the spirited, finely formed performance of the music under Leon Barzin's exacting baton.

NO LONGER a stranger, Emil Gilels, the Soviet Union's premier pianist, returned to find a capacity audience in Carnegie Hall. A two-part cycle of Beethoven concerti (to be followed by a solo recital) began with Nos. 4 and 5, following a knowing, well-disciplined performance of the Eighth Symphony by Alfred Wallenstein and an able ensemble bearing the "Symphony of the Air" label.

Clearly more at ease than in his introductory performances two seasons ago, Gilels left no doubt of his ability to meet such a challenging work as the G major on terms of equality and insight. His finely modulated sound was the pivot of a performance somewhat larger than chamber-music size, but always appropriate to the subject matter. Add a cultivated understanding of every phrase and measure, an elevated sense of the slow movement and a lively response to the finale, and you have the elements of a memorable accomplishment. A little more warmth, a more outgoing manner would give it rank with the great performances of the work heard in recent times. Gilels comes from a cold country, but the thaw seems almost at hand.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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POETRY

Rich Miscellany of Two Decades

"Rainer Maria Rilke: Poems 1906-1926," translated by J. B. Leishman *(New Directions. 402 pp. $4.75), is an amplified and rearranged compilation of odds and ends written during the German poet's last twenty years.*

By Dudley Fitts

MR. LEISHMAN, who has already given us notable translations of Rainer Maria Rilke's most important poetry—the "Duino Elegies" and the "Sonnets to Orpheus," proves again in this new book the tenacity of his devotion to his great original. The work is a translation of "Gedichte 1906-1926," edited in 1953 by Ernst Zinn and, amplified and rearranged, published definitively in 1957 as the second volume of the "Sämtliche Werke." This is a necessarily uneven collection of poems published and unpublished, variants, tentative drafts, fragments from discarded papers and recently discovered notebooks—an enormously rich hodgepodge of a thousand pieces or more—arranged chronologically in the order of composition, or as nearly so as it has been possible to determine that order. Mr. Leishman's arrangement differs from Herr Zinn's, and he gives excellent reasons for preferring his own; but since the German text is not given, and since any serious student of Rilke will feel the need of constant reference to the original, Mr. Leishman has been obliged to furnish a double index, German and English, which is also a concordance of his own work and the two Zinn volumes. This is cumbersome, as is the long, careful, curiously heavy Introduction; but for some reason a certain ponderousness and fuss have always attended British dealings with Rilke—a kind of self-induced post-mortem paralysis.

These poems are the miscellanea of the last twenty years of Rilke's life. Many of them—perhaps the majority—are of but minor interest, valuable only because of their relationship to the enduring work. Many are occasional—album pieces, title-page inscriptions, and the like, obviously not intended for publication. Or so one hopes. The sketches and the fragments range from the brilliantly illuminating to the merely mechanical, the kind of doodling that one would expect to find in any restless poet's notebook. The best of the poems (they are relatively few) have the golden great ring, the Rilke glory as we know it in the "Elegies" and elsewhere, the elusive signature that no one yet has quite captured in English. But who would lose a fragment, however ephemeral, of a poet of Rilke's order? Who does not profit from the scrupulous sifting, the creative critical reconstruction and rearrangement that mark Mr. Leishman's work?

These questions are not wholly rhetorical. Someone is bound to answer. "The general reader"; and the answer makes sense. For whom is this book intended? If for the scholar, or even for the competent and serious general reader, it must be used in conjunction with the Zinn texts: no colossal difficulty, to be sure, but a difficulty. If for the amateur, the casual reader with or without any knowledge of German, it is unsuitable and putting-off for the very reasons that recommend it to the specialist. True, he will pick up beauties here and there; but in the long run he must find the disorder, the fugitive, tentative quality, baffling and somewhat tedious. The book is an in-between thing, something neither this nor that: not scholarship, because half of it is missing; not art, because of its very substance. At the risk of infuriating an already generous publisher, I suggest that there were only two really useful ways of handling this work. The first, for popular consumption, would have been a greatly reduced selection—a third of the present length, say, *accompanied by the German text.* The other, obviously, would call for two volumes, printing the entire translation *in conjunction with the German text.* My emphasis is intentional, though it is not designed to derogate Mr. Leishman as a translator. The translation of any poetry—no, that's too much; let's say that the translation of poetry from any reasonably familiar modern language demands that the original be available for comparison. One does not have to be an expert to compare; one does not even have to know much about German or French or Spanish or Italian or Portuguese to be able to see something of what is going on in the original and to make some sort of transference to even the best of translations. This is no idle Utopian theory. It is a cold axiom.

RILKE, in any event, must be one of the most maddening of poets to translate. I have spoken of the heaviness that clings to talk about him. The same heaviness lies upon almost every translation that I have seen. It may be that there is something inert in the poetry itself. My very limited

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German allows me to find him portentous, often, and humorlessly conscious—in the *procul o procul este profani* sense—of his vatic self. Undeniably his prophets and disciples have inflated his importance: he has become, most improbably, an Ancestor.

It is true that the letters and the notebooks and the poems—poem after poem in the present selection—suggest pettinesses of rage and suspicion and jealousy, an enormous capacity for self-pity; and it may be that his true worth is to be found only in the few marmoreal great poems that have become a part of the contemporary myth. If that is so, the work of Mr. Leishman, seen always in the light of Herr Zinn's, is no whit the less valuable.

And it is scrupulous work. Given the difficulties, it seems to be about as faithful a rendering as one could wish for. All that is lacking is poetry: the same lack that one has felt in Mr. Leishman's earlier translations. In much of this book it makes little difference whether the translator is a poet or not; but when we come to the great Rilke, that is not true. And there is a great need for a translation of this Rilke. With the exception of but a scattered few, the poems in their English dress are only symptomatic of what the originals must be: sound understanding, sound scholarship, but little evidence of poetry.

Mountain Passage

By Robert A. Knowlton

"Perhaps the first recorded settlement west of the Alleghenies was made by two New Englanders, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell, in Pocahontas County [W. Va.] in 1749. The two had a difference of opinion over religion, and Sewell went to live in a near-by tree."

West Virginia, A Guide To The Mountain State.

AT MINGO FORT the road ends. Wonders
Are set in the way as a snare: a natural
Bridge; the valley of the Shenandoah, nine months
Green (but tilled by Anabaptists,
Monophysites, Gnostics—slaves of conscience or
Servants of presters); the hills, at first west-leaning,
Hiding more wonders: warm springs, hot
Springs, healing springs kept by one old hunter
From Orkney, dubiously of the Anglican communion.
Beyond lie the varied darknesses of
Idolatry and laurel slicks; Asmodeus and cougars
Haunting the rhododendrons; the Indians churlish,
To a man natural-born Henotheists
(Or worse); their chief heresiarch, Kill-Buck,
Sudden and violent as the wrath of God.

This is a country of crags set on the vertical, hiding the
Sun; and to bask once more in that warm light of Grace
We must (like Zacchaeus or Stylites) climb a tree.

In a Child's Head

***"First Poems," by Minou Drouet** (translated by Margaret Crosland. Harper. 79 pp. $3), have aroused keen interest in this country, because of the controversy that attended publication of the little girl's poetry in France.*

By John Ciardi

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Minou Drouet became a *cause célèbre* in France when her poems (and letters) were first published there. For months a certain section of the French press raised the cry that the poems were obviously faked by an adult, and it required the services of a special committee of French writers to test her writing ability. She was called before the committee and asked to compose a poem either on the subject "On Being Eight Years Old" or on "The Sky Over Paris." She chose "The Sky Over Paris," because, as she said, "I couldn't write about being eight. It's too sad." She was then told she had three hours, in which to write her poem. "Three hours!" she exclaimed. "I have a music lesson at ten!" In half an hour she produced a poem that satisfied the most skeptical of the critics.

The skepticism of the critics is understandable enough, for the poems are full of literary echoes one could hardly expect to find in a child's head. Where would she have done that much reading? One can only conclude that like all children, Minou is a natural mimic, but that she has had the advantage of a home life that has exposed her to a great deal of poetry.

What remains remarkable is a kind of perception and sensitivity for language not only powerful in the original but powerful enough, at its best, to survive even translation. One might conceive an extraordinary child writing:

So with my finger tips

I picked from the sky

one by one
the sweetest stars
which stole
like tears
over the cool cheek of darkness.
And when there were enough
to deck the pillow
where you lay your head
I tied the bunch
with the slippery bow
of a blue eel.

or even:

a clumsy word
one of those words which pick up
the handles of cups

—whatever that means. But one is certainly dealing in a dimension beyond any expectation in such lines as:

My heart is a stupid bird
whose country is the void
whose food
is the blue of the sky
and if any hand in the world
tried
to build him a cage,
before it could set in place
the second bar
it would have killed my bird.

or the purity and restraint-in-fullness of:

I love the water that does not last
whose sentence is never ended.

The twenty pages of letters that round out the book are as remarkable as the poems, and in some ways purer, being free of most of the literary affectations and full of a more informal but always intimate fantasy.

Everyone, I suppose, believes children to possess rare perceptions and fantasies. The marvel of Minou Drouet's writing is that she sets them down with a gift for language as extraordinary as the imagination itself. All this, and an irresistible child to fall in love with! It makes a tremendous experience.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

that at times he is almost victimized by his very adroitness, as he comes very close to being in stories like "The Smile" or "Murder." Even his most contrived shockers, however, contain the suggestion of a larger meaning which removes them from the category of mere tricks; the odd-looking youth who knocks at your door tomorrow *might* be the suspected fiend of "Murder"; your routine trip to the washroom *might* lead you, as it does the unsuspecting luncher of "A Game of Billiards," into a breath-taking encounter with a homicidal maniac.

A master of creating mood and atmosphere, Mr. Sansom among things is a skilful journalist with a keen eye, sharp ears, and it might be added (ludicrous as it may sound) one of the best noses in the business—he makes you smell the brittle, dry air of an Austrian night or the rich, appalling stench of the Venetian canals as though you were there.

Mr. Sansom's adroitness is illustrated once again in "Old Man Alone," one of the most impressive stories in "Winter's Tales 3" (St. Martin's Press, $4.50), a pleasing collection of a dozen British and Irish short stories. Other noteworthy pieces include the story of a few hours in the life of an unlovely Irish girl and her unromantic gentleman caller, highlighted by the realistic account of a night of remarkable slumming, Iris Murdoch's "Something Special"; Doris Lessing's portrayal of an extraordinary Italian prisoner-of-war whose artistic talent creates more confusion in Zambesia than a truckload of hand grenades could; Walter Macken's account of an Irish lad's devotion to a moth-eaten circus lion; and some leisurely and effective character sketches virtually devoid of plot, including Noel Blakiston's "Mrs. Webster," Kathleen Farrell's "George Finds Freedom," and Frank Tuohy's "The Admiral and the Nuns."

"Winter's Tales" is a thoroughly enjoyable collection. Like its American counterparts, "Best Short Stories" and "Prize Stories," the annual volumes currently edited by Martha Foley and Paul Engle, respectively, it is also indispensable to readers interested in keeping abreast of current trends in short fiction. I think, however, that all readers, particularly those in America, would be grateful for the inclusion of brief biographical notes, especially in view of the fact that the unnamed editor or editors wisely include work by comparative beginners as well as by established authors.

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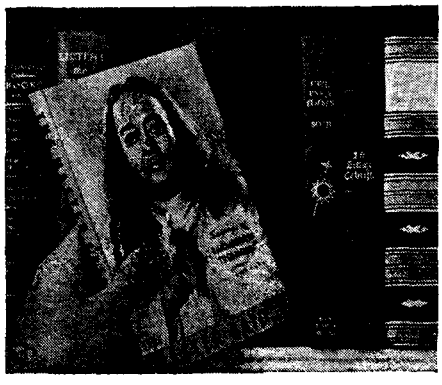

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India" (Viking, $3.50) is the first collection of Rumer Godden's short stories and poems about the India in which she lived many years and about which she has written so effectively in novels like "The River." Nowhere are her artistry and quiet strength more evident than in these seven flawless stories.

Perhaps the best of these are the stories about animals; or, to state it more accurately, those in which animals play a significant role. In actuality, some of Miss Godden's titles—"The Red Doe," "The Little Black Ram," "The Wild Duck"—are misleading, since none of these stories (including the wonderful title story about an elephant named Mooltiki, and a tiger, and a stout-hearted young bull) are "animal stories" as such. The animals are really important only in so far as they affect the human beings in each story.

Thus young Ibrahim of a tribe of Himalayan nomads, returning to the upper pastures with his new, silent, frightened, and provocative wife, is reminded of the young doe whose throat he had been forced to cut years before; now his feelings of fright and desire, of regret and revulsion, become one, and he is suddenly aware "that what had started in him with the doe was in him with [his bride's tears] and would be in him now forever." Similarly, Khaliq the Kashmiri hunter, stale and useless and bored during the forced inactivity of the fierce northern winter, remembers the glory of his hunting an ibex when all his being was drawn up "into a supreme wholeness; [and] he was one, whole, for this supreme use."

IN OTHER stories Miss Godden writes with equal effectiveness about a dedicated nun whose life is centered around her service in a Calcutta hospital, or a young Indian student attempting to adjust himself to Western ways. With insight and a rare economy, Miss Godden brings characters and situation into vivid life; in addition, her stories are illuminating glimpses into the life of a people and their ways.

There is a classic quality, a purity of style and a clarity of vision, about Miss Godden's fiction; by contrast, the work of many of her contemporaries appears cluttered-up and overdressed. Her publishers have produced a book worthy of its contents; binding, design, and press work are in keeping with the spirit of Miss Godden's work, and her volume of short stories is further enhanced by simple yet spirited decorations.

In several of the stories in "A Dangerous Woman and Other Stories" (Vanguard, $3.50) James T. Farrell returns to the Chicago of his early novels to write effectively about Studs Lonigan, Danny O'Neill, and others who have become almost as familiar to American readers as Tom Sawyer. Perhaps the best of these is "Senior Prom," in which Farrell narrates deftly and with good humor Danny's feverish attempts to get a date with a girl for the St. Stanislaus commencement ball.

Farrell's more strictly contemporary stories include pieces like "Norman Allen" or "Success Story," which have in common the depiction of what the author calls the tragic "waste of human emotion and thought." Others, like the title story, which is an account of a cocktail party in Stockholm, are perhaps more important as sociological-editorial commentary than they are as fiction, although I think that Farrell is always worth listening to even when I disagree with him most. Still others, such as the short novel "It's Cold in the Alps," are diverting studies in human contrast; here Farrell writes with a pleasingly light touch about the disastrous European honeymoon of a pleasant American and his unamiable bride.

FARRELL has lost none of his truculence or his impatience with what he considers unhealthy or destructive societal conditions; as these varied stories indicate, however, he is a more effective short-story writer than he was in the "Calico Shoes" days. He is still primarily a novelist, but his short stories are well worth reading.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 761

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 761 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 760

Take care what you say before a wall, as you cannot tell who may be behind it.

—SAADI.

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Free Enterprise

Continued from page 23

business giant, of the wild excitement of the bonanza strikes, of rough times in frontier towns and how great wastelands were transformed into thriving cities and towns. And there is progress yet to come. The company uses a low-flying plane equipped with a Geiger counter to spot uranium concentrations. It is an atomic age parallel of the prospector of old with his burro and his pan, hunting for golden nuggets in a rocky stream. The Jackpile mine in Colorado, one of the biggest strikes, was found in this way. Anaconda's story is a major part of the fabric of America itself.

Similarly, Mr. Beaton's impressive volume on Shell goes far beyond chronicling the growth of the companies. He writes about the adventures involved in trying new methods of producing oil, of innovations in breaking it down to make fuel for new-style engines, and of exploration in distant lands. The courage of the pioneers who pressed vigorously forward even in the depression of the Thirties was an essential in Shell's growth.

For that matter, the book is not entirely about oil. Mr. Beaton tells how the Shell organization, hard pressed in the dark days of the early Thirties, went in for remodeling stations and offering services to motorists, a marketing device that brought in repeat business. There are lessons here for management: the problems of competition, research, and product improvement are common to all enterprises.

These four volumes provide an impressive sampling of how men imbued with imagination and courage contributed to America's enrichment.

ON THE AVENUE: The most you can say about **"The Amazing Advertising Business"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a collection of eleven articles from *Fortune* magazine is that it's a *Timely* wide-eyed turn around the midway, with suitable pauses for various spiels. The least you can say is that scattershot observations of poor old Madison Avenue are bound to hit something.

The editors say that their book "is an attempt to draw a realistic, fair, and informative portrait of the advertising business—its techniques and procedures, its economic structure, its problems, and its practitioners." They address themselves to the question of whether Madison Avenue is a natural backdrop for chiseling and larceny or a technology which builds mass consumption and brings to consumers the economies associated with mass markets. But many readers will be struck by the fact that the collected chapters of this book neither hang together very well nor provide a finished portrait. If there is an editorial viewpoint on display it is simply that the advertising business could not possibly be as bad as it is painted.

Professional biographies of contributors (including Bernard De Voto, Albert Lynd, William H. Whyte, Jr., Gerard Lambert) would have helped to define their personal authority. Even without them, one can respect workmanlike performances. Salient observations about advertising are here laid out for viewing, a helpful service if one's own intuition and understanding are strong enough to supply the synthesis. —JAMES KELLY.

RAIDING AND WRECKING: If any American business leader fully deserved to be called a Robber Baron, it was Jay (born Jayson) Gould. During the latter part of the nineteenth century this frail, soft-spoken little man, who had clawed his way out of an impoverished family background in Roxbury, New York, made a great personal fortune out of raiding and financially wrecking railroads and other business enterprises. **"Jay Gould: His Business Career 1867-1892,"** by Julius Grodinsky, professor of finance at the University of Pennsylvania (University of Pennsylvania Press, $10), tells in scholarly, analytical detail how Gould battled such railroad magnates as the Vanderbilts, C. P. Huntington, and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., how he seized control of the telegraph business and the Manhattan Elevated, and how he built his own railroad empires in the East and West. Professor Grodinsky concludes rather paradoxically that in the long run Gould benefited consumers and producers by smashing down railroad rates and by driving fearful rivals into record railroad construction. "Gould in this sense was a public servant," but certainly an unwitting one, with no visible scruples where business was concerned. —HAL BRIDGES.

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Books For Young People

—"The Proud Circus Horse."

BOOKS about the childhood of authors and illustrators of children's books, especially if autobiographical, have great interest for older boys and girls and for adults who work in the fields of children and their reading. "Over the Bridge," by Richard Church (Dutton, $3.75), and "Drawn from Memory," by Ernest H. Shepard (Lippincott, $3.75), are two recent books in this category. They cover about the same period—the turn of the century—in London, but represent two different segments of English society.

"Over the Bridge" spans a dozen years in Mr. Church's youth; "Drawn from Memory" covers only Mr. Shepard's seventh year. Yet both of these books have in them the substance of life, the authors' awareness of themselves as individuals and their recognition of themselves as members of their society. Mr. Church, whose eyes were weak, gives a moving description of his almost delirious joy when glasses made it possible for him to read, and of his subsequent visits to the local library. Mr. Shepard's gift of drawing was evident even as a young child, and running through his recollections of a happy year is the frequent mention of his sketchbook.

Reviewers for this issue: Nancy Jane Day, Supervisor of Library Services, South Carolina State Department of Education; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, South Carolina, Public Library; Esther Walls Pappy, Vocational Schools Specialist, Young Adult Services, The New York Public Library; Mildred Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, California, Public Library.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

THE PROUD CIRCUS HORSE. *By Reiner Zimnik. Translated from the German. Pantheon.* $2.75. This delightful fable, the second of Mr. Zimnik's books for children, tells of a circus horse's wish to "live freely in God's free nature" and of his disillusionment when he ran away and learned that freedom without a certain discipline is chaos. The beautiful, graceful dancing horse became too proud to work and thought to roam the world, where he might receive even more acclaim than in the circus. There he found that everyone has a job to do, and so he returned to the Happy Days Circus to dance and share in the applause that greeted each performance. Sophisticated black-and-white line drawings illustrate every page of this attractive picture-story book.

—F. L. S.

BABAR AND THE PROFESSOR. *By Laurent De Brunhoff. Translated from the French by Merle Haas. Random House.* $3.95. Here is a real child's world where elephants and people mingle on equal terms in an atmosphere of kindly humor and simple excitement. There is such naïveté, combined with a bit of worldliness that is so French, that like all the other Babar books this one is utterly charming.

The young readers will add the Professor to the list of friends they have already made in their visits to Celesteville through reading nine previous Babar books.

Parents will probably be just as eager to share this picture-book story as the children will be to look and listen. —Margaret Mahon.

THANK YOU—YOU'RE WELCOME. *By Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* $2.50. Louis Slobodkin's understanding of children and his ability to present their problems (often with solutions) in humorous text and drawings help Jimmy learn when to say "Thank you" and when it's "You're welcome." The confusion over the appropriate use of these expressions, which follow each other without much logic to the very young child, is cleared up nicely as Jimmy recognizes the sequence of actions and words. —F. L. S.

FLY HIGH, FLY LOW. *Story and pictures by Don Freeman. Viking.* $3. A beautiful picture book is this story of Sid, a gray pigeon, and his mate, Midge, a white-feathered dove, who made their home in the letter B of a sign high above the Bay Hotel in the glamorous city of San Francisco. Midge's adventures when the sign is moved and Sid's search for her through the fog will delight children, ages five through eight. The soft, but lively, colors used throughout are reminiscent of those employed by the same illustrator in "Pet of the Met."

—Nancy Jane Day.

RUSTY'S SPACE SHIP. *By Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Illustrated by Bernard Krigstein. Doubleday.* $2.95. Two children and their dog have an unexpected trip in a homemade space ship all because the strange lizardlike creature Tiphia misplaced his flying saucer and needed a ride back to his home on the moon Eopee. Their adventures on this interplanetary trip make a science fiction tall tale that is both funny and scary. For boys and girls who enjoyed the author's "The Shy Stegosaurus of Cricket Creek." —Mildred R. Phipps.

DANCERS OF TOMORROW. *By Naomi Capon. Illustrated by Jillian Willett. Harcourt.* $3. This is the story of Ann Blake from the time she is admitted to the Royal Ballet School, formerly Sadler's Wells, at age ten, until she becomes one of the corps de ballet at a performance of "Coppelia" at Covent Garden. The reader shares Ann's fears of not being accepted, sees all the trials and hard work involved in becoming a ballerina, and meets her famous instructors. Although fictionalized, the book gives an authentic picture of ballet training in this renowned school. Illustrated with fifty-one photographs and with line drawings by Jillian Willett. Arnold Haskell wrote the foreword. For girls ten to fourteen. —M. R. P.

THE SNAKE THAT WENT TO SCHOOL. *By Lilian Moore. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Random House.* $2.50. Snakes have ever fascinated boys and Hank is no exception. He brings back from camp the best pet he ever had, Puffy, a harmless hog-nosed snake, only to find his mother will not let him keep it. Hank finds a snake is not easy to sell or give away; so he is espe-

—*From "Dancers of Tomorrow."*

". . . picture of ballet training."

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cially pleased to find that his teacher knows about and appreciates snakes and that he may place his snake in the science fair. This easy-to-read book of Puffy's escape from the fair and the ensuing search will interest the eight-to-eleven age group.
—N. J. D.

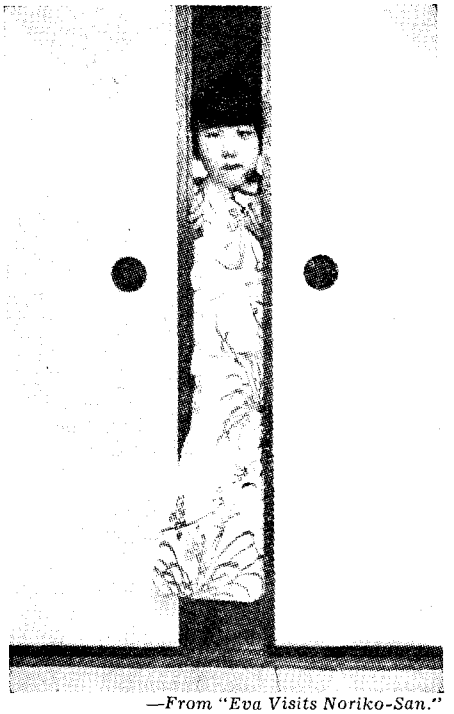
THE GOLD PENNY. *By Catherine Blanton. Illustrated by Albert Orbaan. John Day.* $2.95. Benny finds that Granny is right after all—a twisted leg doesn't matter. It is the head and spirit that counts. The Lees sell their home and farm in Missouri and move to Arizona in the hopes that the twelve-year-old Benny will become strong and well. The gold penny, in fact a gold dollar, that Mr. Waite, the banker, gives Benny for luck when he arrives in Arizona proves to be just that.

This account of a family and the problems confronting them as homesteaders in Arizona in 1914 is essentially a story of good family relationships and of neighborliness. For the middle grades. —N. J. D.

THE SINGING SHOEMAKER. *By Alison B. Alessios. Illustrated by Mircea Vasiliu. Scribners.* $2.50. According to the villagers, Manolis was the best storyteller in all Greece, the best shoemaker, the best singer! But since he needed new stories and new songs Manolis decided to travel. He walked over the hills, into villages, joined gypsy bands and took part in festivals, always playing his flute, telling his stories as he learned new ones. In reading this charming, rather quiet story children aged nine to twelve will have a good understanding of Greek life and customs. Simple folk tales are interspersed throughout the text and two games played by Greek children are added at the end of the book. The delightful black-and-white line drawings by Mircea Vasiliu give a real feeling of the country. —M. R. P.

MIKE: The Story of a Young Circus Acrobat. *By Phil Stong. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Dodd.* $3. Phil Stong's attention-getting style of expression is consistent throughout this story, which is one of typical American boyhood and terse American humor.

Mike, an American orphan of Japanese origin, and an acrobat with the circus, lives for a winter with an Iowa farm family, and attends school with their son, Jim. The fierce loyalties, the occasional school-ground bullyings, the feats of boyhood daring, and the unsophisticated fun suggest that these two heroes might have been very congenial with Tom Sawyer.



—From "Eva Visits Noriko-San."

"... everyday happenings."

Though this is not precisely a circus story, the unadulaterated glamour of the Big Top is here in this excellent depiction of boyhood in the late 1890s or early 1900s. —M. M.

EVA VISITS NORIKO-SAN. *Photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick. Adapted from the Swedish. Macmillan.* $2.50. Everyday happenings in the life of a little Japanese girl are told through distinguished, full-page photographs in black and white, and a brief text. Eva, a little five-year-old from Sweden, visits Noriko-San in Japan, and the two little girls tell each other about their national dress, games, and customs. Miss Riwkin-Brick's other books, "Ella Kari" (Macmillan, $2.25) and "Nomads of the North" (Macmillan, $3) record life in Lapland in equally appealing photographs. —F. L. S.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Robert Frankenberg. Follett.* $3.50. Once again Clara I. Judson has proved that facts, when skilfully recounted, need no added color to make them dramatic. This story of the engaging and dynamic Benjamin Franklin clearly reveals his personal life and character, and the history-making events of his time, of which he was so vital a part.

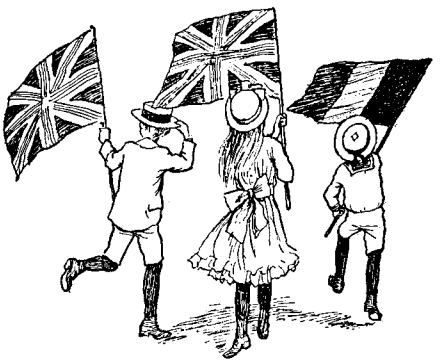
His honest defiance of convention makes one think of Winston Churchill. (Mr. Churchill would enjoy Mr. Franklin's tub with the cover on it, where he could talk affairs of state with distinguished visitors who sat on the cover while he soaked.)

Author and artist have collaborated to make this a fine book for older children. —M. M.

YOUNG TEENS TALK IT OVER. *By Mary Beery. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. **THE SEVENTEEN BOOK OF YOUNG LIVING.** *By Enid Haupt. McKay.* $4.95. **MEMO FOR MARRIAGE.** *By Judith Unger Scott. Macrae Smith.* $2.95. Several provocative books have been published recently for young adults in the area of popularity, personality, and the emotional adjustments of growing up. An introductory book for the seventh or eighth grader is "Young Teens Talk It Over." "I am too young for dates and too old for childish things. Will you discuss activities for early adolescents?" This is typical of the many questions asked in the guidebook which has answers supplied by the author-expert *and* a group of teen-agers. Consequently, it becomes less authoritarian and easily demonstrates the value of youthful participation in problem solving. Although the questions seem terribly uncomplicated from an adult point of view, they do pinpoint the kind of problems perplexing the teen-ager taking her initial steps in the adult world.

For the older girl, Enid Haupt, publisher-editor of *Seventeen* magazine, presents advice on matters such as glamour and grooming, etiquette, party giving, and letter writing. This does not probe very deeply into the psychological framework or motivations in adolescent behavior, but it does provide excellent coverage on less weighty subjects and stresses the importance of social acceptance and gracious living.

The more mature girl looking for a judicious, straightforward explanation of marriage or for direction in the choice of the right partner will find such guideposts in "Memo for Marriage." Citing statistics that indicate continuing trends toward earlier marriages, Miss Scott emphasizes the importance of physical, emotional, and social maturity before contemplating marriage. The book is an intelligent, direct approach to the subject. —ESTHER WALLS PAPPY.



—From "Drawn from Memory."

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10,000 Years

Continued from page 13

been upon himself. From a wild, nearly lawless predator, he has moved in a few millennia into a status that is novel and difficult to evaluate. Man today has immense power, but power alone is not freedom. The massive and intricate technological society that is the instrument of his power itself exhibits the emergent quality of an organism, and man no longer controls it. It controls him. Man has traded the freedom that every wild thing cherishes for something else, and I believe he misses it.

When man repudiated his natural environment, he embarked on a course that leaves no choice ultimately between controlling almost everything or abandoning intelligent control entirely. If his civilization holds together, his power to control the environment must inevitably increase, and it will react upon man himself. The question then is not one of resources for control, but of the ends to which those resources should be devoted. Up to now, man has used his power with little discrimination or forethought. He has been like an adolescent flexing his muscles, not yet ready for a man's work. He has sacrificed much freedom in his quest for power, though he has gained some new freedoms. His greatest task now is to learn to use his power, not as an end and a satisfaction in itself, but as the deliberate means to increasing freedom.

What is freedom? Let us ask first: What is the unique power that man wields? For want of a more sensitive term, we have spoken again and again of man's power over the environment. Power implies blind force, brute strength, energy rampant. Yet of these man has but little. In primitive competition, any of a thousand species can kill him. Yet he rules the world, and imposes his will on all other life. What, then, is the secret of his power? Paradoxically, it is freedom.

Man exercises his power in the physical world not by the force of his own muscles, but by controlling forces that operate outside himself. He turns the environment against itself, and profits by the conflict. This is the essence of man's intelligent control of events, of all the artificial world that he has created. He senses, he imagines, he selects strategic points at which to apply the modicum of strength that he can exert. He uses his intelligence to order and direct transformations of energy in the environment, producing highly improbable arrangements and combinations that discharge themselves in a cascade of novel events.

Intelligence is not power in the sense that an avalanche or a lightning bolt is power. Like organism, it is an ordering influence. Intelligent order implies purpose, and purpose grows out of the freedom to choose among imaginable alternatives. Every coercive restriction on man's freedom to imagine and to test his conclusions in action, every choice that is precluded by social edict, is a loss of freedom and to that extent a loss of power. How nearly a maturing society can approach to the ideal of individual freedom, no one yet knows. The evidence already is clear that frustration and coercion breed the antisocial behavior that necessitates more coercion.

Man's mind, like his body, is the product of fortuitous and cruel evolutionary processes, and it bears the scars of its past. Freedom from fear, anxiety, hate, aggressiveness, hostility, is a novel concept for most of mankind. We can no more imagine what a society of people free of these impediments to self-realization would be like than Neanderthal man could have imagined the technological revolution. Yet the direction we must go is clear. It is the direction of freedom from social coercion, and freedom from the emotional distortions that make such coercion necessary. To perfect his power, to realize himself to the fullest, man must perfect his freedom.

WHAT man does to himself, whether he will grow up to his potentiality or betray it, will depend very much upon his uncertain conceptions of his own nature. His effort to use his intelligence to discover and understand the source of that intelligence is inescapably ludicrous—he is like a uranium atom trying to understand Oak Ridge. Scientific understanding necessarily begins with the more obvious aspects of a situation. Psychology got nowhere until it shelved its concern with such intangibles as spirit, vital principles, purpose, and the like, and began to nibble at the periphery of the mind. That periphery is the region of contact between the personality and its environment. Starting from known physical principles, the psychologists and physiologists have traced out these peripheral relationships and formulated a reasonably convincing picture of their operation.

In the terse idiom of the subject, man interacts with his environment by means of a multi-channeled servo-system modulated by a computer section. Being translated, that means nerves from several types of sense organs carry information to a memory-and-decision center, and a system of motor nerves signals the actions the decision center orders.

This sensorimotor system is the established means by which the human organism ordinarily perceives its environment and directs its orientation to the environment. Because people love to have answers, and because the inner ramifications of the human mind are bafflingly subtle and inaccessible, it has become the fashion to assume that the sensorimotor function of mind *is* the mind, and close the book. Knowledge is always partial, but to mistake progress for arrival is to fall into a trap. In this case, the trap is a serious one. The conception that man is a servo-mechanism, a behavioristic robot responding helplessly to pinpricks from the environment, deprives man of a certain consciousness of individual value or dignity. He is thereby reconciled to social conditions that largely preclude his functioning in any way except as a servo-mechanism, thus proving the point.

To be sure, that general interpretation may prove to be correct. But, until we know, it is wiser to keep the polls open. The richness of subjective experience that is evoked by ludicrously simple physical stimuli, the persistent and purposeful campaign that man wages against his environment, the capacity to idealize and abstract from crude sense impressions, the tantalizing extrasensory powers, the enigma of a servo-mechanism wondering whether it is a servo-mechanism—all of these peculiarities suggest that mind is an entity of unfathomed possibilities. It may destroy itself and its world with it. Or it may yet establish itself as the first clear intimation of a higher phase of complexity and organism in the world, using biological material to its peculiar ends as biological organisms have used the inanimate earth.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lord Windermere, in "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde. 2. George Radfern, in "Laburnum Grove," by J. B. Priestley. 3. "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmond Rostand. 4. Sohrab's mother, in "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold. 5. "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker," by Liam O'Brien. 6. Uncle Jolly, in "River of Earth," by James Still. 7. Mrs. Robert Ferguson, in "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 8. Mott Tussie, in "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart. 9. Priam Farll, in "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett. 10. Maxim de Winter, in "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1244

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

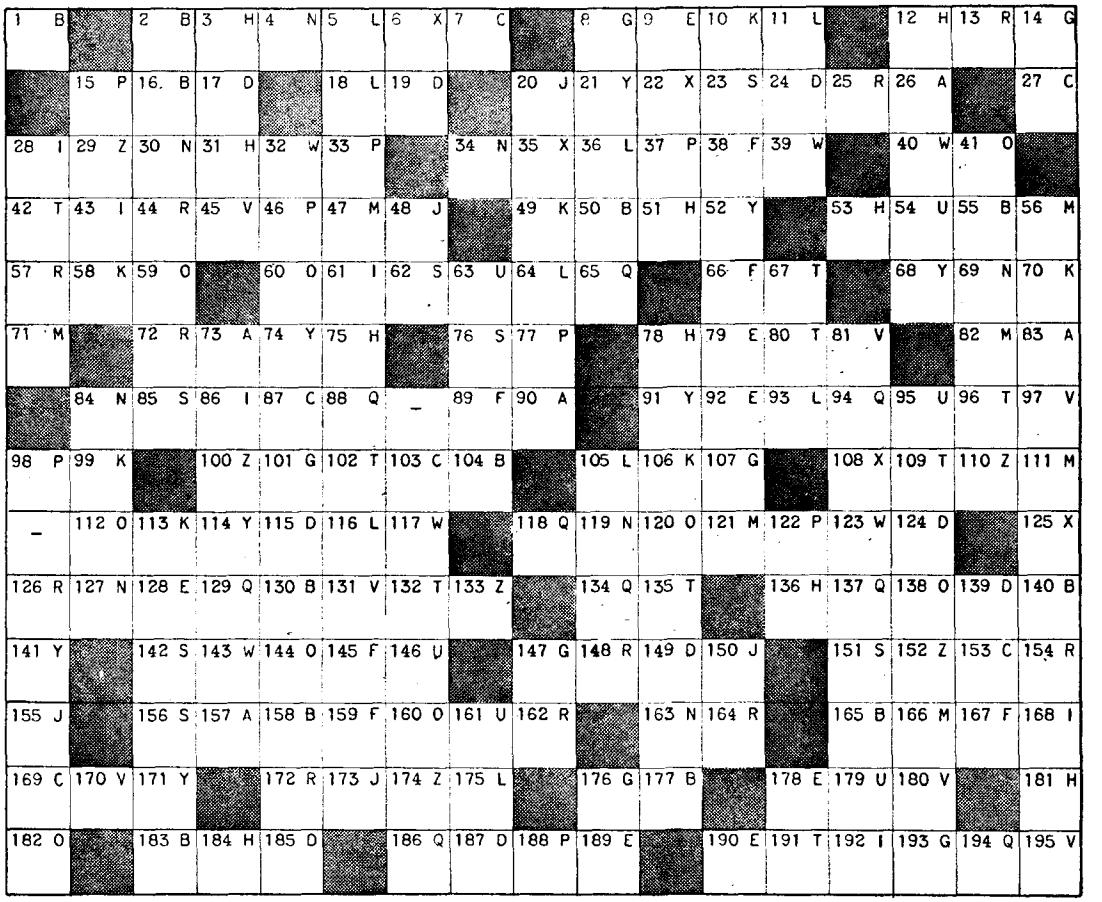
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tall, slender, pointed tower of a Siamese temple (not in Webster in this meaning).	90 83 157 73 26
B. Person morbidly afraid of thunder and lightning.	130 140 183 55 1 165 16 2 50 177 158
C. Heavy or stiff in moving; awkwardly shaped.	104 27 103 169 153 87 7
D. Representation of Hermes' staff, now used as symbol of a physician.	115 124 139 17 149 185 24 187 19
E. Medical term for pertaining to the surface.	79 92 178 190 189 9 128
F. Broken stone or brick used in coarse masonry.	167 89 159 66 145 38
G. Lively pleasure; extreme satisfaction.	14 107 147 193 8 101 176
H. Example of the ancient Greek and Roman stenography.	181 51 136 31 75 78 3 12 53 184
I. The presumable outcry of "a snail in danger" (A. A. Milne).	61 43 168 192 28 86
J. Any contest in order of a track meet.	20 173 150 155 48
K. Small, short-tailed rodent often made a pet of.	106 113 58 99 49 70 10
L. Power of knowing, as disting. from power to feel or will.	18 175 105 116 11 64 36 93 5
M. German conductor, first perf. Brahms' Symphony #1 (1835-91).	71 166 47 111 82 56 121

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A sort of secondary capital upon the original one, feature of Byzantine architecture.	84 163 69 34 119 127 4 30
O. Happy from the goodness of one's inclinations or actions.	59 138 112 41 160 120 182 144 60
P. Torpidity.	98 122 37 15 77 46 33 188
Q. Boat propelled by bicycle treadles.	118 134 65 137 88 194 94 186 129
R. Full title, Tschaikowsky opera with which the Met. opened the current season.	126 57 44 172 25 72 13 154 162 148 164
S. Overtake another racing shell in a race (2 wds.).	85 76 151 156 62 142 23
T. To whisper.	42 96 191 135 102 80 109 132 67
U. Said of something available but not taken advantage of.	63 161 179 95 54 146
V. Additional cognomen, in honor of some achievement, or of adoption.	81 45 131 97 170 195 180
W. Kind of coarse flannel, whose warp is cotton, filling woolen.	39 143 123 32 117 40
X. Archaic ant.	22 108 125 35 6
Y. Rolled backward or downward, as of certain leaves.	114 141 21 91 74 68 52 171
Z. Hybrid goose-swan, observed by Cuvier, early 19th cent.	133 100 29 152 110 174

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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BARBER, MENOTTI, AND "VANESSA"

Samuel Barber and Gian-Carlo Menotti.

By IRVING KOLODIN

PERHAPS the most succinct summary of the Barber-Menotti "Vanessa," which had its first performance anywhere at the Metropolitan Opera House in mid-January, is that it begins too long before it ends. This is not a reflection on its length—which is not excessive—but rather a regret induced by the fact that its final scene is its best, musically and dramatically. Had Barber accomplished as much in the preceding three-and-a-half acts, the report on it would be very good indeed; as it is, we are left with the feeling that the end of "Vanessa" is but the beginning of Barber's career as a composer for the theatre.

The next happiest fact is that Barber has made the work according to his own esthetic in the musical speech with which we are well acquainted from his songs, orchestral works, chamber music, etc. He has not rejected arias or set pieces because they are "old-fashioned," nor has he reached for the atonal pepper and salt because such seasoning is presently preferred. And, if he has the learning to write a fugue as competently as the next man, he has not imposed it pointlessly on this problem. But it is also pertinent to observe that the high point of the fourth act, and the score, is the quintet on the words, "To leave, to break, to find, to keep," which, in addition to being the best realized episode I know of in native opera lore, is also a skilful canon. The composer who wrote it should be proud of the accomplishment and heartened to go on from there.

What Menotti provided Barber to work with has, in this view, more than a little effect on the end product. Reading the libretto, familiarizing oneself with the score and, finally, seeing it on stage, all contribute to the end view that the tale of the forty-year-old Vanessa, who has waited decades for her young lover to return, and eventually accepts his son as a substitute, is both contrived and insubstantial. It also confirms one's belief that Menotti is better with situations than he is with people, not bothering at all to tell us why the aged Baroness will not speak to her daughter (Vanessa), though her brooding silence is one of the key conditions of the drama.

BESIDE Vanessa, a vain and foolish woman who keeps the mirrors of her sumptuous "country house" of a northern country in 1905 (more mansion than villa, in Cecil Beaton's evocative decor) covered because she cannot bear to see herself aging, her young niece Erika is a model of consistency and character. True, she succumbs to the charms of Anatol,

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the youthful visitor who comes in place of his deceased father, when Vanessa impetuously rejects him. But she will not accept his "gallant" proposal of marriage when their affair of a night results in pregnancy. Rather, she induces a miscarriage, lets Vanessa have him by default, and when they depart for a gay life in Paris, Biarritz, Cannes, etc., settles back to wait for her own "Anatol" to appear.

It is no accident, I think, that Barber's most consistent characterization, musically, is Erika—for she is the one character to arouse sympathy in the listener. And that sympathy is jeopardized, momentarily, when Menotti requires her to say, as she rushes out into the storm at the end of Act III: "His child, his child. It must not be born." Certainly there are, in the whole gamut of the English language, seven better words to express that intent than the ones Menotti has chosen.

Otherwise, the vain Vanessa, the foppish Anatol—who considers his obligation to Erika discharged when she finds his "gesture" insufficient—the toughminded old Baroness, the rather silly country doctor who does not, apparently, know that his young charge is pregnant until after her mishap (and, one is bound to say, there is no clear indication even then) are as empty a collection of stage shadows as opera (a genre rather rich in such figures) can show. On the technical level, Menotti's libretto is resourceful and recurrently marked by singable lines and scenes (such as the last one), but it puts an enormous burden on the composer's ability to involve the listener by the sheer power of his music.

TO HIS credit, Barber accomplishes this—significantly enough—while the action takes place in the finely atmospheric living room Beaton has provided. This accounts for Acts I and II (and the final scene), but it leaves all of Act III and the first scene of Act IV on another plane, physically and musically. In these, concerned with the party at which Vanessa's engagement is announced and the bedroom in which Erika assures us (and her grandmother) that the child "will not be born. Thank God, he will not be born" (sex determination, apparently, flourished at an early time in this "northern country") the level of interest sags perceptibly. One cannot help attributing much of this to the rather conventional party, dances, intoxication scene, etc., which the librettist has provided. (They are, on the whole, better suited to his compositional talent than Barber's.)

Barber's fancy flows freest and to the most appealing results when he can let his ample melodic gift carry the stage action, when there is mood and emotion to be conveyed. He has a good grasp of the techniques required to move from one vein of expression to another, his blend of voices and orchestra is often on a high level of expertness, and the instrumental episodes—such as the one linking the two scenes of Act IV—are what we expect of a man with his distinguished accomplishments. He is less successful when the situation requires colloquial conversation, least when the need is for *genre* music to sustain attention when there is little action. Given a text which would constantly engage his best abilities, it is conceivable he could write a work not only of "Vanessa's" recurrent strengths and frequent weaknesses, but of a consistently high order.

A detailed study of the score would produce such encouragement for that view as the following: the apt use of the orchestra for underlining dramatic situations by descriptive comment; the use of reminiscent phrases to relate the happenings of the later acts with an earlier one; the assimilation of precepts from Verdi, Wagner, and Debussy in a way that is productive without being imitative.

In addition to the spacious, warmly tinted living room, Beaton has provided a suitably elaborate scene for the party, and a decoratively cosy one for Erika's bedroom. He has also enjoyed a costumer's field day with five changes of frocks for Vanessa, elegantly tailored garb from party dresses to peasant clothes, impeccable detail in servant's uniforms, etc. Broadway itself has nothing to show more fair than Beaton's visual "Vanessa," including his own "My Fair Lady."

For that matter, Barber has been superbly served by the excellent cast provided by Rudolf Bing for his first venture as sponsor of an American opera (the first new full-length one at the Met in a full twenty-five years). Of outstanding quality was the Erika of Rosalind Elias, a characterization which should go far to advance the career of this fine young artist, whose vocal talents have been admired since her debut in a minor part several years ago. Nicolai Gedda could hardly be surpassed as the vacillating Anatol, singing the English text more clearly than anyone in the cast (despite his Swedish birth); Giorgio Tozzi was quite as good as the pseudo-philosophic doctor; and Regina Resnik made every silence count as much as the little she had to sing as the old Baroness. Clarity, discipline, and a fine sense of atmosphere were equally evident in the devoted direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos.

As Vanessa, Eleanor Steber was obviously handicapped by the need to learn an extended part in the six weeks since Sena Jurinac sent in her regrets. Much of her vocal characterization was of the quality to be expected from Miss Steber, and she has as much of the physical attributes to suggest "a lady of great beauty" (as Vanessa is described in the text) as any contemporary singer. She became Beaton's costumes as much as they adorned her, especially in the skating scene of Act II (cover photo). Doubtless she will pronounce the words more distinctly when the part is more surely in her voice.

CONSIDERING that Menotti served as director for his own text, the enunciation of it left more than a little to be desired, generally. What price "opera in English" when a stranger to the subject could no more get along without a libretto than, say, for "Gioconda"? Much of the staging showed Menotti's expert skills in this field, though neither he nor Miss Steber developed a style of movement for Vanessa which suited her from start to finish.

Taken together, "Vanessa" moves the course of American opera ahead more than a little by showing us a composer with the skill and fantasy to absorb the attention through a full-length work in a frankly romantic tradition. It is no favor, of course, for it to be framed by the huge proscenium of the Metropolitan, which has a leveling effect on the best-founded ambitions. Let us hope that Barber begins his next opera on the peak of quality with which "Vanessa" ends, and goes on to sustain it throughout.

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A FOOTNOTE ON DEBUSSY'S "GABY"

The garden at the Hôtel de Croisy, at Orbec.

By VICTOR SEROFF

EVERY student of Debussy's life has been interested in learning more about Gabrielle Dupont, "Gaby" as she was called, with whom the composer spent ten years. At the time when most biographies of Debussy were written there was so little information available that no one knew where she came from or where she went once their love-affair terminated. Alfred Cortot, the pianist, claimed once to have seen her working as an usherette in a theatre at Rouen. He was wrong. Gaby never lived in Rouen, never worked as an usherette in a theatre. The story, however, gave an erroneous conception of her later life.

After my biography of Debussy was published in a French translation, it apparently reached M. Henri Pellerin, the president of a society for the conservation of historical monuments and sites, who lives in Orbec-sur-Auge in Normandy. It induced him to write a lengthy article in "Le Pays d'Auge" about someone he personally had known well, and whose life belongs to the history of French music. Now, thanks to M. Pellerin, we have the answers to many questions about Gaby, filling in the details without which her portrait was incomplete.

No one among Debussy's friends ever mentioned where Debussy met her. The gossips claimed that he had picked her up in some frivolous place on one of his casual visits there. But that was not true. Gaby was born on June 11, 1866, at Lisieux in Normandy, of a middle-class bourgeois family. Her father Auguste-Edmond Dupont, also born in Lisieux, came from a family which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave France a number of students of law, landowners, and members of the clergy. He himself worked as a foreman in a textile factory. Tall, pleasant, and intelligent, he was well liked by the local community, although he was not regarded as a model of virtue. When Gaby grew up, they said, she resembled her father.

Her mother Henriette-Aimée, born Duchené, was a year younger than her husband. She was a good-looking woman, but local snobs considered her background inferior to that of Auguste and her intellectual horizon rather limited. Gaby had a sister Blanche, a year younger, whom she loved very much. Both girls worked at Lisieux: Blanche as a sales-girl in a shoe store and Gaby as a seamstress. But Gaby was beautiful, a coquette, and loved pretty clothes on others and even more on herself. She felt that Lisieux was too provincial.

At first, when she spoke about it, her parents were against her departure, but when she became of age they let her go to Paris. It was not long before she was noticed in the cafés she frequented after work, and she became the mistress of a young aristocrat, the Count of Villeneuve. This was her first love affair. It lasted only as long as such passions usually do. A year later, disappointed in her first experience and still looking for the *grand amour*, she met Debussy. She was twenty-two and he was four years older.

Gaby was in the prime of her beauty. She was blonde (actually a bleached *chataine Claire*). She had already then a strongly pronounced personality, accentuated by the way she carried herself—holding herself straight and often tossing her head back, which gave her a rather haughty appearance. But it was her eyes that caught everyone's attention—blue-green, "eyes of steel," as Debussy said, and "deep as the sea."

Gaby moved into Debussy's room on the third floor of an old dilapidated house at 42 rue de Londres at the foot of Montmartre, and, during the following ten years she kept a roof over their heads on their meagre earnings. In my book I have given as detailed an account of their life together as was then possible, but now I must add one episode which led Debussy to compose "Jardin sous la pluie."

Gaby loved Paris and yet she welcomed every opportunity to go to the country to visit her parents and her sister, who had married Jules Riffaut, a mechanical engineer, a widower with three children. They lived not far away from Lisieux in Orbec-en-Auge. There was, however, one obstacle to these visits. Jules Riffaut did not approve of Gaby's way of life in Paris and refused to receive "her lover" in his home. Blanche had a different temperament from her sister and a "different point of view"—her home, husband, and children meant everything to her—still, she loved Gaby and the two sisters met secretly while Debussy strolled along the streets of Orbec and examined the sights of the little town.

The fact that Debussy's and Gaby's relationship continued for seven years did not soften Monsieur Riffaut's attitude. Thus, on one of their visits to Orbec in 1895, Debussy sat for some time in a garden waiting for Gaby. He was particularly struck by the perfume of a yew-tree which the gardener was trimming. This, Gaby explained later, was why he used the theme from an old popular song "Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés." It began to rain just as Gaby came to fetch him and they returned to the hotel where they spent the night. Before going to bed Debussy made a few notes on a piece of paper—these were the seeds of "Jardin sous la pluie," one of his most-played piano pieces.

BECAUSE not much was known about Gaby, and because Debussy later spoke of her in a patronizing way, it has generally been assumed that she never was his intellectual equal. Actually, Gaby was remarkably intelligent and well read, with a keen appreciation and taste in music and painting. If there were reasons for Debussy's complaints against Gaby (actually none have been recorded) Gaby, too, had much that was not to her liking. Debussy did not seem to mind living in artistic disorder, worrying very little about the slim chances of improving their financial situation. Gaby, a girl from Normandy (people in Normandy are supposed to be practical), wanted to have an orderly home, at least. Their Bohemian existence, with its constant lack of money, lost its original charm. But when his

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philandering became more than an occasional sidestepping (these she forgave him, because he claimed they "did not count")—when he contemplated, not for the first time, marrying someone else—then even Gaby's patience came to an end.

One such incident almost drove her to suicide. While she was convalescing, her unhappiness was further aggravated by the sudden death of her father and worry over her mother's future. Gaby made several trips to install her mother in a small house she rented for her at Orbec. Debussy believed that these occupations would distract her and make her forget his latest escapade and forgive him once again, but Gaby had made up her mind. Although she returned and they continued to live under the same roof, they lived like strangers and Gaby was only biding her time for an opportunity to leave for good.

Perhaps just to appease her feminine pride, her wounded ego, she had a love affair with a painter. His name remains unknown, except for the initials V. M. The affair did not last long, but she kept the painting he gave her for the rest of her life. Gaby was waiting for some one who could offer her a better life and not "more of the same."

THE opportunity offered itself when a wealthy South American banker, an amateur poet, called on Debussy and asked him to write some incidental music for his play "La Fille de Pasiphaé." Blond, bald, and with a long moustache, Count B. wished to be known in artistic circles simply as Monsieur Victor (hence René Peter's reference to him by the initial V.,) but in trying to persuade Debussy to collaborate on his play he did not fail to mention his financial resources. Debussy was not interested and declined the offer. Brandishing his manuscript like a whip Count B. shouted: "Monsieur, I am offering you half my glory!"—"Keep it all," Debussy advised the Count and saw him to the door.

Gaby happened to be present at this scene and she noticed that the banker liked her. Later she managed to meet him again. When she finally made her decision, she came back to get her things from the apartment. This time there were no tears. Debussy was in love with Lily Texier, a friend of Gaby, whom he married a few days later, and Gaby did not feel she was abandoning him to a lonely life. Parting with her, Debussy gave her the original manuscript of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" with the following inscription: "A ma chère et très bonne petite Gaby, la sûre affection de son devoué Claude Debussy."

In a sumptuous apartment on the Avenue Niel, rented for her by her lover Count B., Gaby lived in the luxury and splendor she had been craving. Of her old friends she saw no one except her sister and brother-in-law—they often came to stay with her. Was she happy at last? Probably not. As the years went by she shared her charms with more than one man whose name could be found in the Paris social register. Eventually she had to think about her old age. In 1910 she bought a large house at Orbec, not far away from the garden that had inspired "Jardin sous la pluie."

Then came the war of 1914, and the Russian Revolution, which wiped out all of Gaby's savings, invested in Russian bonds. Shortly afterwards she moved to her house where her sister's family joined her. But the monotonous life in the provincial little town bored her, and whenever she found an occasion she returned to Paris to see her friends. Then her trips to the capital became less frequent. She remained in Orbec, seeing no one, reading and reminiscing about the old Bohemian days.

During all these years she followed Debussy's life through the newspapers. She read about the controversy over the first performance of "Pelléas," which he had composed with Gaby practically sitting at his elbow. At that time she was pleasantly surprised to receive from him a luxurious copy of the opera as a "testimony" of their past, so near and yet already so far. It was Debussy's last communication with her. Later, she read about Lily Texier's attempt at suicide, Debussy's marriage to Madame Bardac, his new home at 12 Square de Boise de Boulogne, his illness, and his death in 1918.

After ten years in Orbec Gaby finally decided she must have a change. Also, she needed money. Madame Valette, an old friend from Gaby's fashionable past, told her about Monsieur Colaneri, a doctor of medicine, at Forge-Neuve in Dordogne. The doctor was a widower and lived alone with his daughter. He was looking for a governess, someone "serious, conscientious, and honest."

Gaby arrived at Forge-Neuve "silent, distinguished, a little precious, but smiling" as the doctor described her. But later on, when she became used to her new environment, she was less shy. Of all the episodes in her past she preferred to talk about Debussy. "Why did you leave him?" the doctor asked.—"Because we had terrible quarrels on account of money. I know I was wrong to leave him, but I was young. It was terrible always to be without any money, never to be able to go out, to have fun. I knew a rich man . . . . he has died also, and now I am poor and alone."

She took wonderful care of the doctor and his daughter, but could remain with them only a few months because it tired her to climb the stairs.

Once again she returned to Orbec to her hermit's life. Only on rare occasions, such as, for instance, when her niece Elisabeth Riffaut was making her first communion and the family and their relatives gathered for the festive event, did Gaby feel she had to join them—she appeared in one of her resplendent dresses. Carrying her head proudly under a large black straw hat, *la belle Gaby*, as the people of the little town called her, looked as if she had stepped out of one of Toulouse-Lautrec's canvases. She belonged to *l'epoque brilliante* and she lived in her past. The town people knew that Gaby wanted to be left alone.

DURING the Second World War Gaby was saddened by the death of her sister in 1943, and during the German occupation she suffered particularly from the lack of tobacco. While the battle for the liberation of France was on, Gaby was evacuated along with the aged from the hospital at Orbec to the Chateau de Familly. There she remained from June till September (1944). Gaby was seventy-eight years old and seemed not to realize the gravity of the situation. When she returned home she looked like a ghost. A few months later she had an accident. She fell and broke her hip. Pneumonia developed, and Gaby died on May 12, 1945.

"La Belle Gaby."

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Bach, Berlioz, and Bartholdy

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By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

NEW recorded versions of three big compositions for voices and orchestra—and the fact that one is by Bach, another by Berlioz—promised a long, satisfying series of musical hours. Nor, this time, did serious disappointment creep in soon or damagingly. The craft and the industry that can make it possible for private persons to own such large-scale riches as these, matching performers to important works of musical art, matching engineering and packaging to performances of such excellence, deserve not only gratitude and praise, but profits as well. Two of these three recordings seem to me major events in the musical world by absolute standards; nothing more valid than a strong personal taste may prevent me from thinking the third of them so. Standing on the shelves in alphabetical order by composer, the three strike me like this:

Bach's **"Christmas Oratorio"** has been recorded complete three times before—as conducted by Kurt Thomas (Oiseau-Lyre 5001/3), by Ferdinand Grossman (Vox 7713), and by Hans Grischkat (Remington 118). Although I have never listened to all three of those earlier recordings seriatim and complete, I take this listing to be in descending order of merit. All reasons for comparison are obliterated, however, by the presence of a new recording conducted in part by the late Fritz Lehmann (first two records), in part (final record) by Gunther Arndt. An Archive release (ARC 3079, $17.98) this is, if the complexity of Bach's six-section work be taken into full consideration, a recording of all but incredible sustained excellence. Although I am not convinced that we should be wise to listen to the "*Weihnachtsoratorium*" straight through very often (Bach designed it to be spread sectionally over six separate days), I experienced all of this intensely alive, lambent performance with the unflagging conviction that this is the way it should be performed.

The soloists—Gunthild Weber (soprano), Sieglinde Wagner (alto), Helmut Krebs (tenor), and Heinz Rehfuss (bass)—do not display great voices. But sensuously seductive tone surely would be less germane to Bach's purposes (once proper pitch and style can be taken for granted, as they can be here) than is the ability these singers employ to blend expressively with the ensemble of instruments and chorus. Notable are the apt, individual tonal webs woven by violin, flute, oboe, oboe d'amore, oboe da caccia, trumpet, corno da caccia, cello, bassoon, and organ. The playing of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and the singing of the Berlin Motettenchor and RIAS Kammerchor are what style is when it is both historically motivated and alive now. What is sad about this wholly cherishable project, with its excellent notes and its complete text in German and English, is that Fritz Lehmann died before completing it. Gunther Arndt's willingness (and ability) to conduct the final record so that it sounds like Lehmann's work is a tribute both to Lehmann's conception and to its projection. This recording won a Grand Prix du Disque (1957).

As nineteenth-century French as the "Christmas Oratorio" is eighteenth-century German, Berlioz's **"L'Enfance du Christ"** too has now been accorded its all-round most satisfying recording to date. Recorded twice before (Thomas Scherman conducting, Columbia SL-199; André Cluytens conducting, Vox 7122), this enchanting score has not previously enjoyed on records so balanced a total ensemble as that to be heard in the new RCA Victor version (LM 6053, $7.98). Subtly and with modulated vigor, Charles Munch conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New England Conservatory Chorus, Florence Kopleff (contralto—and what a contralto!), Cesare Valletti (tenor), Gérard Souzay (baritone), and Giorgio Tozzi (bass). Munch's enlivening affinity for Berlioz is well known; he strongly reaffirms it here. He keeps Berlioz's "*trilogie sacrée*" always in scale, never once mistaking it for a Handelian oratorio by Hector the thunderer. The Bostonians play at their unique best. The soloists—whose French vowels and consonants are a constant pleasure—clearly are aware of the meanings, not only of the text, but also of the music. Only the chorus (the way it sang? the way it was placed and recorded?) occasionally sounds a little thick and run-together at *forte*, though at *piano* or *piano-piano-pianissimo* (Berlioz's *pppp* is recognizable and audible) it too is altogether clear. The other recordings of "L'Enfance" have several individual merits each; Munch's version adds together the largest number of excellences in one place. The result will delight Berliozians and should increase their numbers. Good notes by John N. Burk; complete text in both French and English.

(A digression. On Angel 35435, $4.98, André Cluytens conducts the Paris Opera Orchestra in five Berlioz overtures. The result suggests that Berlioz is as much his province as it is Munch's. The overtures on this lusciously recorded disc are "Benvenuto Cellini," "Le Roi Lear," "Le Carnaval romain," "Le Corsaire," and "Béatrice et Bénédict.")

After these major delights, what is one to say of an incomplete recording of Mendelssohn's **"Elijah"** (Angel 3558-C, $15.98) conducted unimaginatively by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, the Huddersfield Choral Society, and adequate—but *very* English-oratorio—soloists: Elsie Morison (soprano), Marjorie Thomas (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor), and John Cameron (baritone)? That even with sections 7, 36, 40, and 41 deleted without explanation, "Elijah" maunders far too long between convincing music and an especially faded variety of incredible religiosity? That Mendelssohn, who certainly was not Bach or Handel, was not Berlioz either—and that his short-windedness shows him often at his worst in so extended a composition? Admirers of Mendelssohn's oratorios and/or of Sir Malcolm Sargent will quickly disagree, but I can say only that this expertly recorded performance, sent forth with interesting notes by the late Herbert Peyser and with the complete text, bores me to weariness when it does not irritate me to profanity.

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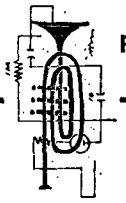

PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ

Make a Joyous Noise unto the Lord

FOUR centuries ago, when the Protestant Church was borrowing folk tunes for its hymns (the melody of the ballad "Wicked Captain Kidd" eventually emerged as the hymn "Wondrous Love"), Martin Luther is supposed to have remarked: "The Devil shouldn't have all these good tunes." The American folk took the next step on its own. A few years ago Elder Gray of the Holiness Church stated an accomplished fact: "The Devil shouldn't have all this fine rhythm." And, indeed, the Devil can no longer claim a rhythmic monopoly, for we now have gospel music.

Gospel music originated in the good earth of small and rural congregations on the early frontier. After the American Revolution, as Calvinism weakened in New England (all but the elect must go to Hell), freedom of worship triumphed and splinter groups who proclaimed that Divine Grace was free began to prosper. Among the Baptist folk, for example, four people constituted a congregation and anyone might preach. By 1820, there were about 40,000 Negro Methodists and 60,000 Negro Baptists. And they all sang.

At first, the folk churches banned both hymnbooks and instruments—such props were too worldly. Then, during the last thirty or so years, the ban was gradually broken. Elements from various sects combined to create a new music and a religious revival among the folk gave birth to a new type of song which became a big business and soon penetrated the Hit Parade.

To oversimplify radically, the traditional piano of the more prosperous Methodists was handed down; the embellishments of the "Dr. Watts" hymns of the Missionary and, especially, the Primitive Baptists were passed along; and the holy dance, the syncopated, off-beat handclapping, and the congregation-centered rhythmic participation of the more recent Holiness Churches were taken up. As more instruments were added, the music became wildly ecstatic, often inducing religious trance. (The Carnegie Hall concerts of Mahalia Jackson are no exception.)

Professor John W. Work recalled 1937 as the year that the Primitive Baptists in Nashville organized a choir, dressed them in robes, added a "rhythmic" piano, and prospered mightily. These choirs generally sing "Dorseys," that is, songs composed by Mr. Thomas A. Dorsey and such others as Lucy Campbell, Lillian Bowles, and Kenneth Morris. Billed as "Georgia Tom" in the Twenties, Mr. Dorsey accompanied blues-singer Ma Rainey—a fact which indicates his musical orientation.

The folk never did take to concert arrangements of the spirituals and, although they occasionally sing them, the melody soon becomes difficult to recognize. They prefer the simpler Dorseys and they sing them in the folk idiom, which means blue tonality and surging rhythm. Sometimes the words are the only noticeable difference between a gospel song and the blues. Nor do they stand upon formality. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price, who has accompanied many gospel singers, tells about a "holy" pianist in Dallas: "When he got religion, the Lord told him to play piano. He just ran over and started to play. He's still playing when they let him."

Gospel songs are adopted immediately by the folk and, although they are copyrighted and circulated on recordings, they remain the music of the people who created the spiritual. (Latter-day Dvoraks beware: the folk tune you introduced in your symphony may be copyrighted.) Similar in form to nineteenth-century evangelical songs, the gospel song sounds a new and personal note: "You Better Run," "I Know It Was the Lord," "Jesus Walk with Me," "How about You," "I Shall Know Him," and so on.

A dozen or so LP recordings of gospel music by preachers-and-congregations, choirs, and soloists are available today. Mahalia Jackson is the best known soloist, and deservedly so. Some of her earliest and best work, recorded originally at 78 RPM, has been re-issued on LP. On "Mahalia Jackson" (Grand Award 326), she sings "It's No Secret" and other songs which first made her popular among colored audiences. On "In the Upper Room" (Apollo 474), she sings "His Eye is on the Sparrow" and, accompanied by a male quartet with a *basso profundo*, offers an unequalled version of the title song. She is singing the songs she knows best here, with a relaxed and soaring devotion.

After Miss Jackson was "discovered," she recorded three LPs. On "Mahalia Jackson" (Columbia 644), the jazz feeling is predominant—listen to "I'm Gonna Walk All Over God's Heaven"—because of the wonderfully swinging accompaniment. On "Sweet Little Jesus Boy" (Columbia 702), which was aimed at the Christmas trade, both the songs and the execution seem a little forced. On her latest album, "Bless This House" (Columbia 899), Miss Jackson broadens her repertory—"Summertime" blends imperceptibly into "Motherless Child"—at some slight cost to her deeply-felt simplicity, but the range of her appeal is clearly increased.

AT LEAST three other gospel singers are represented on LP. On "Gospel Train" (Mercury 20201), Sister Rosetta Tharpe, who has sung with a variety of jazz bands, plays her swamp guitar and shouts with perhaps more heat than light. On "Songs of the Gospel" (Mercury 20196), the lesser-known but more-gifted Marie Knight, accompanied by a choral group, adapts gospel songs to waltz, rumba, and mambo rhythms with startling and often compelling effect. On "Gospel in the Great Tradition" (Classic Editions 5001), Georgia Peach, the Ma Rainey of gospel singers, belts out some of the older songs with consummate authority.

Best of all, "A Night with Daddy Grace" (Harlequin 702) combines a happy selection of testifying, tamborine groups, an eight-voice choir, handclapping, preaching and shouting, and a brassband with a trumpet, trombone, and tuba reminiscent of early New Orleans jazz. Along the way, a gospel piano, an organ, and an electric guitar add to the festivities. This is relatively sophisticated music—the latest stage in a long evolution—and perhaps the most joyous noise yet made unto the Lord.

—MARSHALL W. STEARNS.

Mahalia Jackson—"relaxed and soaring."

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Recordings in Review

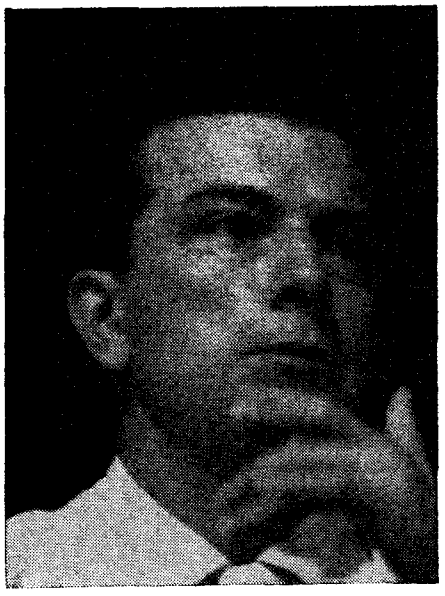
Cantelli at His Best

DEBUSSY: *"Nuages," "Fêtes," "L'Après-midi d'un Faune."* RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloé" (Suite No. 2), "Pavane pour une Infante défunte." Guido Cantelli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35525, $4.98 deluxe; $3.98, thrift.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished").* MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony in A ("Italian").* The same. Angel 35524, $4.98 deluxe; $3.98 thrift.

IT IS NOW something more than a year since that black day in November 1956 when the news of Guido Cantelli's death in an airplane crash spread dismay among all who valued his gifts, his fine accomplishments and his potentialities. I have not happened to play any of his old recordings in that time, and these are the first new ones. I do not hesitate to say they are the best he ever made, and there have been few better ones from any source in 1957.

The two discs exemplify well the range and intensity of his sympathies, his ability to build a shattering climax, as in "Daphnis et Chloé" or to state a melodic line simply and beautifully, as in the Schubert second movement. One is conscious at all times of a man who has as firm a grip on the music as he has on the orchestra, no common phenomenon. What makes it especially uncommon in these performances is that Cantelli also has as firm a grip on himself, which was not always true of his appearances in New York with the Philharmonic.



Cantelli—"firm grip on the music."

Perhaps the rarest trait of all is the clear evidence in the performances of Cantelli's ability to go beyond the mere statement of measures and pages to a fluid, flexible evocation of *music* itself. Perhaps because the idiom was closer to him, this sensation is keenest in Debussy and Ravel, which are rich in atmosphere, pulsating with rhythmic detail, and always pressing forward as if possessed of a life of their own. Some climaxes in the Schubert strike me as overdrawn, but the distinction of the musical mind that organized this performance (and that of the Mendelssohn) is beyond question. The recording in both instances is high among Angel's best.

Bernstein's "Messiah"

HANDEL: *"Messiah." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with the Westminster Choir and Adele Addison, soprano, Russell Oberlin, countertenor, David Lloyd, tenor, and William Warfield, baritone.* Columbia M2L 242, $7.98.

IN THE YEAR that has elapsed since Leonard Bernstein performed this work publicly (with the same personnel) I have often wondered just what kind of performance it was. The variety of immediate reactions concerning the scholarship, or lack of it, in the Bernstein conception clouded somewhat the question of how well that conception was conveyed in the performance. I find no reason to modify my own conviction at the time that it was very well conveyed.

To be sure, if one thinks of "Messiah" in terms of a massive choir, broad sonorities and a heavily devotional mood, this more intimate, carefully balanced, and vitally alive treatment will seem needlessly unconventional. But the rehearing has augmented respect for the musicality and persuasiveness with which Bernstein has served Handel, without diminishing any of the logic invoked in his rearrangement of certain sections to achieve a grouping into "Christmas" and "Easter" sequences.

Interpretatively, it seems to me that Bernstein has judged the former more acutely than the latter, or it may be that he is philosophically more attuned to the miracle of birth than of resurrection. In any case, his soloists—especially the remarkable Oberlin and Miss Addison—are better suited to the first half than to the second. Warfield doesn't provide what my ear wants to hear either in "Why do the nations" or "The trumpet shall sound," and Lloyd's good instincts are constantly balked by a vocal production which cannot make light of Handel's difficulties. For my taste, this is the best work Bernstein has done for the phonograph in any literature prior to his own time. The recording, too, merits its high praise save for a little choral vagueness in such texts as "For unto us a Child is born" and "Worthy is the Lamb."

The Lady from Philadelphia

Marian Anderson, mezzo-soprano, with Franz Rupp, piano, as recorded for "See It Now," produced by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly. Edward R. Murrow, narrator. RCA Victor LM 2212, $3.98.

MARIAN ANDERSON'S momentous journey to the East and to India on behalf of the State Department's good-will program has been reported as it happened last year, and again on television a few weeks ago. Those who read about it could only wonder how Miss Anderson sounded: those who missed the telecast could well doubt that she sounded as well as those who heard it declared. These representative selections attest that she has rarely commanded so much feeling or delivered it with so much impact.

The fact would seem to be that as her vocal range contracts, her eloquence intensifies. Certainly few of us have ever heard her make so stirring an expression of spirituals like "Trampin'" or "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand," or the Schubert "Ave Maria" or the "Serenade." Clearly there are disadvantages in recording out of doors, in a schoolroom, or in a shrine dedicated to the memory of Gandhi; but these are more than offset by the influence of the surroundings on the singer, the quickening effect of her contact with an eager, aware, appreciative audience.

For its primary purpose—soundtrack to the TV documentary—it was necessary that Murrow's voice and other incidental effects be interspersed among the vocal matter. This is of debatable value in a record meant to be heard over and again and, for one, I could have done with a printed documentary in order to provide time for more vocal performance. However, there is quite enough of it to comprise a testament on the art of song interpretation—the effect on the listener of emphasis, word-inflection, and a powerful conviction. Miss Anderson can hardly dispose of "Ave Maria" with the glistening sound of

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old, but her performance here is ennobled by a depth of feeling amazing even for her. Franz Rupp's piano playing (even in "You've Got to Be Taught to Hate" from "South Pacific") makes most of his contemporaries sound wooden and disinterested. If Miss Anderson can take satisfaction from her job well done, we can take pleasure at will from an enduring record of her great spirit and flawless artistry.

Fricsay's "Fidelio"

BEETHOVEN: *"Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Irmgaard Seefried, Ernst Häfliger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Kieth Engen, and Gottlob Frick, with Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Bayerisches Staatsorchester and Staatsoper Chorus.* Decca DXH-147, $15.98.

THERE IS SO MUCH that is good about this effort—particularly Fricsay's conducting, which from the first forceful moments of the "Fidelio" overture is admirably sustained throughout—that one regrets to report that it is, still, not the version of Beethoven's opera for which its admirers have been waiting. Some of it has to do with the inequalities of Rysanek's singing of the challenging title role, but even more has to do with the assignment of such light-voiced singers as Fischer-Dieskau and Häfliger to the demanding parts of Pizarro and Florestan.

In the case of most Leonores, it is great outcry at the end of "Abscheulicher," with its rushing scale passages and climaxing B, which defeats their earnest intentions. Miss Rysanek manages this impressively well, but she has difficulty in modulating her sound to the requirements of "Homm' Hoffnung," the earlier exchanges of the canon quartet, etc. And, since the Deutsche Grammophon (which originates this issue) chooses to utilize a separate cast of dramatic actors for the spoken dialogue, consistency of vocal sound is further jeopardized. The summation of the Rysanek voice would seem to be, whatever its tonal resources, real beauty of sound is not among them.

As for Fischer-Dieskau and Häfliger, both are intelligent artists, but it is difficult to associate real malevolence with the one or a heroic spirit with the other. Miss Seefried performs with her customary distinction as Marcellina, but, of course, is audible only for a relatively short time. Keith Engen, an American singer who is rapidly coming to prominence in Germany, uses his big voice to artistic ends as the Minister of Justice. The recording leaves little to be desired, especially in the skilfully equalized transitions from music to dialogue.

Great Puccini, and Greater

PUCCINI: *"Tosca," with Jussi Bjoerling, Zinka Milanov, and Leonard Warren, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera.* RCA Victor LM 6052, $7.98. *"Turandot," with Maria Callas, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Eugenio Fernandi, and Nicola Zaccaria, with La Scala Orchestra and chorus conducted by Tullio Serafin.* Angel 3571, $15.98 (boxed with libretto), $11.94 ($3.98 each with three 12-inch discs).

WHATEVER the current emphasis on this "Tosca" made in Rome last summer, it seems certain to be noted in phonographic history as the "Bjoerling Tosca." For, in addition to the variable values of the performances by his associates (sometimes very good, sometimes less so), Bjoerling pours out a quality and quantity of sound that make his recent absence from New York all the more regrettable.

I would not say that the "Recondita armonia" or "E lucevan le stelle" of this performance are as pure in sound or as brilliant in quality as those Bjoerling has made at earlier points in his career, but they say more, count for much more in the course of action, than has been true of some of his operatic endeavors previously. In addition, he is concerned with every inflection of the text and turn of the drama throughout, resulting in a characterization thoroughly absorbing from start to finish.

Unfortunately, this is the quality more often than not lacking in Milanov's Tosca and the Scarpia of Warren. It is not really a question of whether Milanov is in good voice or how she sings her "Vissi d'arte" or of how much sound Warren pours into his part. It is, rather, the kind of dramatic image they convey for phonographic purposes. I much prefer Warren's, for it is consistent in sound and emphatic in mood, though it is a little soon for him to be recording the part, considering that he only sang it for the first time two seasons ago. I can hear little characterization in Milanov's Tosca, even in act I, where the opportunity is greatest. Some of it is soft, some of it loud (most of it, in fact), but the vocal exaggerations cancel out, for me, any pleasure in her occasionally fine-spun phrases.

Considering the personnel problems he confronts (Fernando Corena is the Sacristan, with the other roles generally well sung by local Italian performers), Leinsdorf exercises firm musical discipline and creates a good deal of mood, for all his lack of identity with this literature. Indeed, it is as good a "Tosca" as most of us have heard in recent years, second only to de Sabata's in the recorded literature.

IT HAS been the story at the Metropolitan in recent years that "Turandot" has been absent from the repertory because: a) we have no competent singer for Princess Turandot or the Calaf; b) it is a difficult production. Whether these are truly responsible (some might add that, as the last of the Puccini operas, it still commands a substantial royalty), the current Angel issue disposes of at least the first two problems: Callas is as available to the management as any other soprano, and Fernandi is due for a debut within a few weeks.

Whether either would be as effective in their parts in the theatre as they are on these discs is, of course, another matter. For that matter, some of Callas's recent vocal difficulties might well derive from the effort she expended on this task, for it makes searing demands on the best-used vocal equipment, and hers is hardly in that category. Once past the tremulous sound she produces for the opening measures, Callas drives herself hard to make an aurally unforgettable image of the Princess, one that radiates conviction from every scene. Fernandi's bright, not wholly focused, but powerfully penetrating tones make him perhaps the best Calaf since Lauri-Volpi.

What converts this venture from a series of isolated accomplishments, variable in quality, to a totality that makes a convincing case for considering "Turandot" the greatest of Puccini's operas is the direction of Serafin. Along with incontrovertible knowledge and a sure-handed adjustment of tonal values from the softest to the loudest goes a powerful sense of musical drama. Some may find Schwarzkopf's Liù deficient in suavity for "Signore, ascolta " but she makes her own contribution to the ensemble. In addition to the virtues of leadership which give this version substantial advantage over London's (Borkh-Tebaldi-Del Monaco, with Erede), the ensemble provides a sumptuously large chorus and the kind of spacious recording that enhances all the elements involved. It is the crowning achievement of Serafin's disc career, and one of the best operatic recordings ever from any source.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albinoni: Concerto for oboe (opus 7, No. 6), Sonata in A (opus 2, No. 1), Pergolesi: Concertino in G, Vivaldi: Concerto for two oboes (in C, Fanna VI, No. 3). Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Easano, director. Angel 45019, $3.98.	Persons partial to this literature may find that the Albinoni and Pergolesi concerti are included in miscellaneous records they already possess, for each has appeared previously. As for the Albinoni sonata and the Vivaldi concerto each has its share of interest, the latter attaining the composer's best level in a finale of uncommon lightness and zest. The execution throughout is notably good, rising to distinction where the challenge is greatest. Fine string tone.
Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony. Decca DL 9951, $3.98.	This starts (and ends) as a dazzling demonstration of fine brass reproduction, but the in-between movements, in which woodwinds at low volume levels are prominent, lack audibility. The microphone arrangement is excellent for the heavily scored passages, but deficient elsewhere. I dwell on this because Fricsay's performance stresses pace and color rather than central meaning. When the values are inexactly reproduced, the whole point of the performance is dulled.
Dohnányi: Variations on a Nursery Theme, Concerto No. 2. Ernst von Dohnányi piano with the Royal Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Angel 35538, $4.98.	Even at seventy, Dohnányi is a pianist of formidable powers, especially in the happy prank of his youthful years, which remains his most enduring contribution to the literature. The performance is the best since his own earlier one (RCA Victor set 162), with Boult's orchestral effort making a sound contribution of its own. The more recent (1946-47) piano concerto is, ironically, full of the pomposities Dohnányi lampooned in the earlier Variations, without the imaginative power or the poetic fantasy to justify their presence.
Debussy: "La Mer," Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe" (Suite No. 2). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Capitol P 8395, $3.98.	Expert if not powerfully stimulating performances of two scores which Leinsdorf knows well, but feels rather less acutely. In both, the response to the specifics of the printed page is painstaking, but the niceties of tone color and dynamics, nuance and color, which are inherent in imaginative recreation are less evident. Clear reproduction which lacks the resonance for a proper statement of either.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 33 in C, 46 in B major. Arthur Winograd conducting. MGM E 3436, $3.98.	Two works typical of the music Haydn was writing between 1767 and 1772 (the time span between the earlier and later), full of amiable sentiments and artistic skill, but not contributing much to our further knowledge of the man. No. 33 is not so distinguished a work as its close contemporary No. 31 ("With the Hornsignal"), No. 46 a much lesser one than No. 45 ("Farewell"). Both are performed with animation and good ensemble by a group of Hamburg musicians. Winograd's effort is one of his best to date.
Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3 in C. Gary Graffman, piano, with the San Francisco Orchestra conducted by Enrique Jorda. "Classical Symphony," Jorda conducting. RCA Victor LM 2138, $3.98.	Graffman's treatment is explosive and overstressed by my taste, the work itself containing sufficient dynamic detonation not to require this kind of "booster" treatment. He shows himself capable of a considerable range of pianistic power, and ample sensitivity, but the "big" effects tend to dominate the aural impression. As Jorda shows in his version of the "Classical," more can be achieved by persuasion than power in Prokofiev's idiom. Acceptable recording, lacking the right aural surroundings for competition with the day's highest standards.
Schumann: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 4. Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 1736, $3.98.	More than a few conductors of better-known American orchestras than the Buffalo Philharmonic (with which Krips is presently affiliated) might envy his authority and understanding of these works. The dramatic moments are never overstressed, the lyric ones properly honored. Some conductors communicate more lightness and fantasy in No. 1, but Krips is dependably musical at all times. Fine sound.
Strauss: "Sinfonia Domestica." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2103, $3.98.	Reiner and his increasingly outstanding orchestra make an excellent case for considering this among the most representative of Strauss's tone poems, rather than an extended example of artistic exhibitionism. As he has demonstrated on other occasions, Reiner is not only as conscious a clarifier of Straussian climaxes as there is, but also an expert at joining them through the transition sections others may overlook. The sound, it seems to me, has more of the real orchestral warmth and richness wanted than most of those by RCA from Chicago or elsewhere.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Constantin Silvestri conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35566, $4.98.	The finesse and clarity of the performance speak well for the kind of ability shown at his London debut last spring by the Roumanian-born conductor. Less attractive are his personal predilections in interpretation, the phrasings and accentuations mostly unconvicing, especially as he underplays the first three movements in order to make a crushing climax of the finale. The final pages are so fast even an orchestra of the Philharmonia's virtuosity is over-extended.
Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty" excerpts. Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2177, $3.98.	Monteux recalls his ballet days with Diaghilev in a statement of the Tchaikovsky score (highlights from the three acts are included, plus a portion of the prologue) which is full of orchestral color and musical vitality, also of discriminating detail. However what Monteux recalls is based on something so different, balletically, from our model by the Royal Ballet that the pace of several sections is radically altered (both slower and faster). A real curio for the ballet minded. Others will find it expertly done, and well reproduced.
Vivaldi: "The Four Seasons." Antonio Janigro conducting the Solisti di Zagreb, with Jan Tomasow, solo violin. Vanguard BG 564, $4.98.	Of the several good versions now available, this takes a place of honor for several reasons: Janigro's incisive leadership, the excellence of his ensemble, and the fine solo playing by Tomasow. Each of the sections is sensitively defined to provide a musical character appropriate to it, the freshness and vitality of Vivaldi's thought admirably conveyed. Beautiful string sound.
Weinberger: Polka and Fugue ("Schwanda"), Strauss: Salome's Dance, Liszt: "Les Preludes," Dukas: "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5198, $3.98.	An apt selection of repertory for Mitropoulos, who gives zest and vitality to all of the works, with most success in the Dukas, Weinberger and Strauss, less in the Liszt (it has rather more musical substance in it than Mitropoulos finds). Both in the "Salome" excerpt and the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" the acute, well-balanced reproduction contributes something extra to the musical results. The Weinberger is particularly well played.
Wieniawski: Concerto No. 2 in D minor, Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Ravel: Tzigane. Isaac Stern, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 5208, $3.98.	Stern has a lapse from grace, by this view, in the Wieniawski, in which he becomes more violinistically involved (throbbing tone, pseudo-sentiment, etc.) than his usual musical taste would suggest. Always expert but a little overdrawn. Side two shows him in best form again, especially in a hugely vigorous treatment of the Tzigane. A product of a hotel ballroom rather than the Academy of Music, the accoustical advantages and good microphoning make more of the cymbalom suggestions in Ravel's score than is customary. Ormandy's tzigeuner qualities are also relevant. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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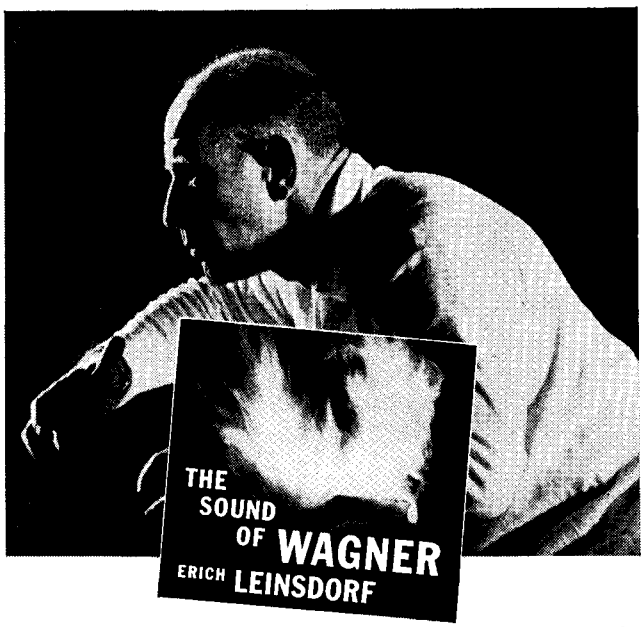

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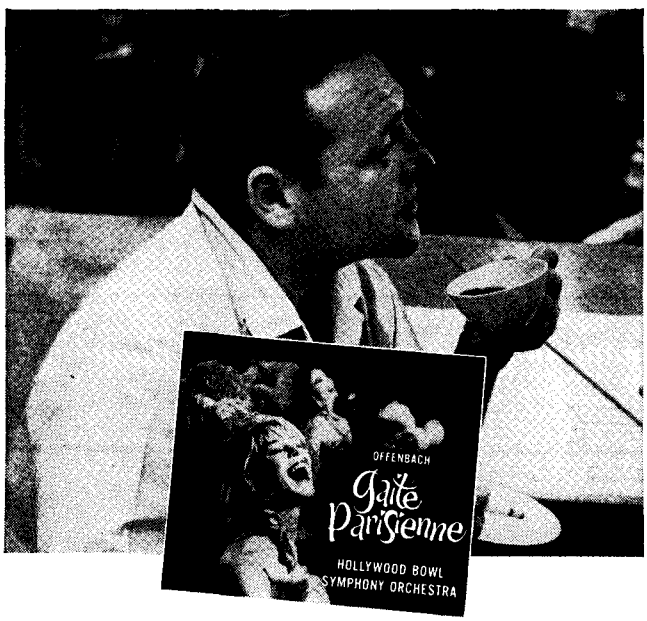

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Chaconne (arr. Vardi), Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, Paganini: Four Caprices (arr. Gusikoff). Concertmasters of New York conducted by David Broekman. Decca DL 9955, $3.98.	The theoretical gains to be derived from playing Bach's great solo work by a string ensemble (even one made up of as fine instrumentalists as this) are offset by the loss of personal communication in the results. A richly resonant sound, unquestionably, but a rather impersonal one. In the Brandenburg Concerto the ensemble, for all its efficiency, does not match the average orchestral performance, a result, largely, of the angular, unsubtle direction of Broekman. The results are best in the Paganini, though it is like reflecting one good image in a series of mirrors—added likenesses, but no greater depth.
Beethoven: Bagatelles, Fantasia in G minor (opus 77), Ecossaises, "Für Elise," Rondos (Opus 51), and Minuet In G. Artur Balsam, piano. Washington WR 401, $4.98.	It is not likely that many listeners will care to absorb the seventeen different pieces (six each of Bagatelles and Ecossaises) of this disc in succession, for they are not of themselves that interesting and Balsam's performances are not the lightshedding sort. He is musically and pianistically well-informed, but inclines, temperamentally, to neutralism. Clean sound, a little lacking in resonance.
Trio in B flat ("Archduke"), opus 97. Emil Gilels, piano, Leonid Kogan, violin, and M. Rostropovich, cello. Monitor MC 2010, $4.98.	A revealing recording in several ways, primarily because the quality of sound is closer to high fidelity than most of its Russian predecessors. A musically sober, sometimes expressive performance (especially in the slow movement with variations) it lacks the strong leadership impulse desirable in the first movement, or the humor for the finale. Gilels' piano dominates the sound rather disproportionately.
Buxtehude: "Missa Brevis," "Magnificat," "Alles, Was Ihr Tut," etc. The Cantata Singers, soloists and orchestra conducted by Alfred Mann. Urania UR 8018, $3.98.	One of the difficulties faced by the disseminators of such unfamiliar material as this is that the performances rarely conform to the standards expected in artistic circles. Much of this (especially the solo singing of Russell Oberlin, counter-tenor, Helen Boatwright and Janet Wheeler, sopranos, Charles Bressler, tenor and Paul Matthen, bass) is desirably professional, but the chorus is not always in tune, the microphoning is occasionally faulty, and there is a lack of real interpretative animation.
Handel: Sonatas in D, A, G minor, F, E and A. Marius Casadesus, violin, with string ensemble. Westminster XWN 18459, $3.98.	A musical mentality of strong impulses and secure convictions, as well as an able violinist, Casadesus provides a powerful momentum to these works. Several are better known in their conventional concert-hall form with piano, but the transcriptions for string ensemble (*pardessus de viole*), viola d'amore, and viola de gamba as well as viola, cello, etc.) are considerate and stylistically acceptable. The sound provided by Pléiade of France is good.
Handel: Excerpts from "Jephtha," "Solomon," and "Judas Macabeus." Haydn: "With verdure clad" ("The Creation") Mendelssohn: "Hear ye Israel" ("Elijah"). Lois Marshall, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Anthony Bernard. Angel 35531, $4.98.	Purity of sound and excellence of enunciation are consistent with Miss Marshall, whether she is singing Handel, Haydn or Mendelssohn—also, unfortunately, is a disinclination (or inability) to participate in their sentiments, moods or emotions. "With Verdure Clad" is beautifully sung and "Hear ye, Israel" almost dramatically, but Miss Marshall is more successful as the servant of such a will as Beecham's (vide "Solomon" or "Seraglio") than she is as mistress of her own. When the sound is really liberated and emotionally colored, it can be thrilling: but that is a rarity in these performances. Bernard adds little, the sound, much.
Millöcker: "Der Bettlestudent" (Excerpts). Wilma Lipp, Rudolf Christ, Eberhard Waechter, Rosette Anday and Kurt Preger, with Anton Paulik conducting. Vanguard VRS 1004, $4.98.	A lively, well-sung synopsis of Karl Millöcker's charming score, which has had an enduring place since 1882 with the best of Strauss and Von Suppé. Lipp is finely suited to such a role as Laura and Waechter's singing as Janicki continues his promise as a lyric baritone with a future. Christ, as the tenorsinging "Beggar student," is less persuasive, but never less than acceptable. Paulik's leadership, the fine orchestral playing and reproduction are all factors of worth.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E flat (K. Anh. 9). Isaie Disenhaus conducting an orchestra and the wind quartet of France. Quintet in A. Sidney Forrest, clarinet, with the Galimir Quartet. Lyrichord LL 67, $4.98.	A mixture of old and new releases, the Forrest-Galimir version of the Quintet being in the latter category by four or more years. The newer-sounding "Sinfonia Concertante" has much that is careful and artistic to commend it, but that leaves it well short of the finesse in the Karajan-directed version with Philharmonia personnel, or the outstanding artistry of the soloists on the French issue led by Louis Froment. In addition to being dated as sound, the quintet is technically proficient rather than musically stimulating.
Offenbach: Excerpts from "La Vie Parisienne," "Orphee aux Enfers," "La Fille du Tambour Major, "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," and "La Perichole." Aimé Domiat and Jany Sylvaire, with orchestra conducted by Jules Gressier. Disneyland WDL 3018, $3.98.	A wholly agreeable collection of tunes and tempos from some of the lesser known Offenbach scores, which are only the more attractive for their novelty. The 5:04 minutes of "Perichole" could well be extended indefinitely, for my taste, as they show quite another accent and flavor than the English-language production of the Metropolitan. Mme. Sylvaire conveys an attractive personality in her skilful vocal work, the other elements contributory to pleasure. Done in France by Vega, the sound is acceptable.
Poulenc: "Twelve Improvisations." Rachmaninoff: Six Moments Musicaux. Elly Kassman, piano. Lyrichord LL 61, $4.98.	Thanks are in order to Miss Kassman for applying herself to the attractive pieces of Poulenc dating from 1932-1942, and conveying them to the listener with so much understanding. The vignettes are unfailingly well-drawn, and with much precision of line. The Rachmaninoff works are neither so worthy nor so well suited to the performer's keyboard gamut. Good piano sound.
Schubert: Trios in B flat and E flat. Felix Galimir, violin, Istvan Nadas, piano, and Laszlo Varga, 'cello. Period SPL 735, $4.98.	These performances do not attain an ultimate either as interpretation or reproduction, but they have sufficient quality in both respects to make them an attractive value as paired (the first time on a single LP disc). Doubtless there is some sacrifice of recorded fidelity to the compressed groove cut, but it is not disturbingly evident. Varga and Nadas are particularly good in the B flat, and Galimir fills his leadership function discreetly throughout.
Schumann: Fantasia in C, opus 17. Franck: Prelude, Chorale and Fugue. Leonard Pennario, pano. Capitol P 8397, $3.98.	More seasoned pianists than Pennario have found the Schumann "Fantasia" a pitfall of ambition, less in its technical challenge than in its requirements of structure and design. Individual sections are well realized, but the whole is fragmentary and discontinuous. His excellent sound and musical intuition are better suited to the Franck, of which he is an able exponent. Velvety, well balanced piano sound. —I. K.

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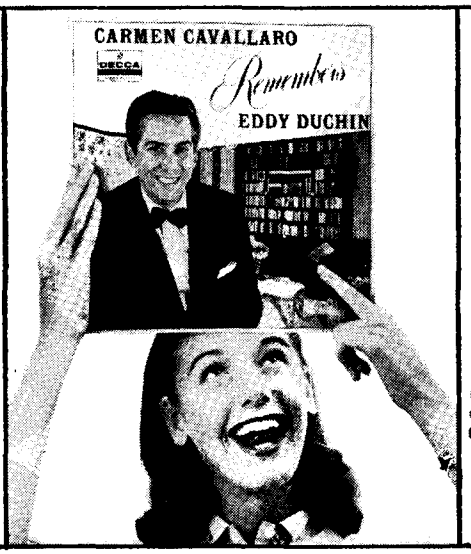

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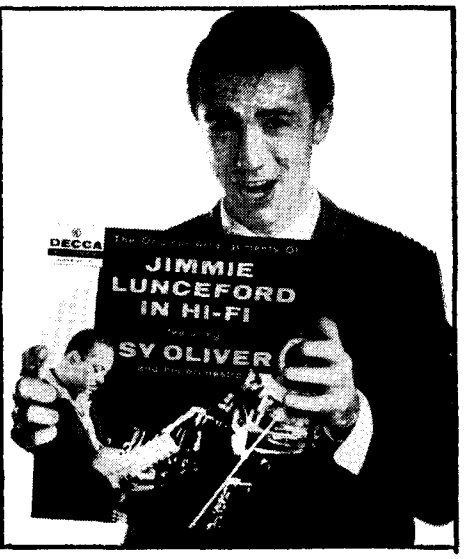

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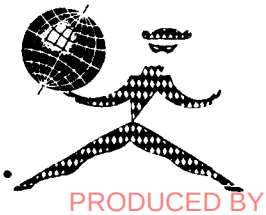

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Tapes in Review

Hindemith Premieres

HINDEMITH: *Concerto for Harp, Woodwinds, and Orchestra. Concerto for Trumpet, Bassoon, and Orchestra. Kammermusik, Opus 24, No. 1 (1922). Gregory Millar conducting the Little Symphony Orchestra of San Francisco.* Fantasy stereotape FST-901. $11.95.

HINDEMITH: *Kleine Kammermusik, Opus 24, No. 2. The New York Woodwind Quintet.* DANZI: *Quintet, Opus 67, No. 2. The same.* Concertapes stereo 24-4. $11.95.

AMID THE *Sturm und Drang* of contending musical ideologies, Hindemith has maintained a singularly poised attitude toward the art of composing, which has allowed him to absorb the more viable musical styles of our time while preserving the independence of mind and purpose that fortify his writing. In these two concertos, composed in 1949 and here recorded for the first time, this creative equipoise is reflected in a polyphony which, for all its vigor and complexity, remains consistently clear.

The jocund Concerto for Harp, Woodwinds, and Orchestra, designed as a wedding-anniversary present for the composer's wife, climaxes its breezy intricacies in a contrapuntal romp with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Its lucid interplay of musical voices, as well as their genial linear progress, is ably realized in a performance whose enlivening character is faithfully rendered in stereo. The Concerto for Trumpet, Bassoon, and String Orchestra, less deceptively facile, as well as less immediately engaging, makes similar demands on the players' virtuosity and is proficiently treated in return.

Despite a curiously wistful slow movement, the early Kammermusik, Opus 24, No. 1, has an ironic cast that is a matter not only of musical notation but of shading in performance, a fact of which Millar and the uniformly excellent soloists take full cognizance in their spirited treatment. The recording sound throughout is luminous and well balanced.

In Concertapes' release of the Kleine Kammermusik (Opus 24, No. 2) a similarly well-engineered effort presents these brief, concentrated essays for five woodwinds with a fidelity that exposes the scrupulous writing and the instrumental timbres in equal detail. An airy open recording lends an effect of presence and effortlessness to a performance of superb craftsmanship. An impressive stereo debut for this excellent group.

Performed with similar expertise is the Quintet of Franz Danzi, a slightly younger contemporary of Mozart, whose melodic gifts agreeably enhance the formal pleasantries of a work turned on the classical lathe.

"Seraglio" from Cologne

MOZART: *"The Abduction from the Seraglio" (Concert Version). Marilyn Tyler, John Van Kesteren, August Griebel, Helen Petrich, and Karl Schiebener, with the Cologne Opera Chorus and Guerzenich Orchestra of Cologne conducted by Otto Ackermann.* Concert Hall stereophonic RX-52. $23.90.

RECORDED versions of "The Abduction" are few, thus making doubly welcome this stereo release of a concert performance that captures the exuberant spirit of the opera as well as its full range of auditory effects. Some paring has been necessary to fit the work into two reels, but this has been done without violence to the whole.

Ackermann, a conductor of admirable certitude, has in the Cologne orchestra a supple, responsive instrument, to which a carefully drilled chorus contributes fluent vocal reinforcement. He strikes a bright tone from the very outset, sustaining it with an easy control of both instrumental and vocal elements. The solo voices have a youthful bloom, and are used with a secure sense of intonation and style; entrances and attacks are precise, ensemble numbers are well balanced, and the spirited delivery establishes a mood of spontaneous gaiety thoroughly in harmony with the design that Mozart long ago imagined.

A clean, spacious recording provides good definition, and the sound, scaled to room listening, presents the spoken dialogue with an effect of intimacy not possible in a concert hall. The speakers occasionally sound too close to the microphone, but their clear enunciation and sense of nearness give one a heady feeling of being privy to the whispered plottings.

Anne Bolinger—"musical intelligence."

Stereophonic Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Mass in A Flat. The North German Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Carl Bamberger, with Anne Bolinger, Ursula Zollenkopf, Helmut Kretchmar and James Pease.* Concert Hall stereophonic LX-58. $17.90.

LIKE BRAHMS in his German Requiem, Schubert sought beyond orthodoxy toward a personal expression of faith in his Mass in A flat, which loses nothing of power for being less than formally correct. The music's eloquence and sincerity shine forth clearly in Carl Bamberger's searching representation on this Concert Hall tape.

The North German orchestra and choristers deepen the impression made in previous recordings that musical intelligence and ensemble discipline are high on their list of qualities. The orchestra is responsive and alert, full-toned and resilient, while the chorus sings the text of the liturgy with conviction. Adept contouring of the polyphonic vocal strands and smooth tonal quality further distinguish the choral segment.

The soloists sing fluently enough, although they occasionally sound pinched, which may be less a matter of vocal projection than of faulty microphone placement or pickup. Otherwise the sound is vital and fully-rounded, the musical groupings well defined. Stereo's propensity for pinpointing a sound source is well known; a less spectacular virtue, but one more important to the present instance, is its ability to transmit the organic coherence of the performance without thickening or distortion of the sound focus.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Leonore" Overture No. 3; "Coriolan" Overture. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor BCS-48. $8.95.	The "Coriolan" Overture comes off better in this performance, the more dramatically powerful "Leonore" seeming to encounter some difficulty in gaining altitude. Both, however, are given a detailed, sonorous exposition, with the former, at least, receiving the bold contouring its vigorously contrasted elements require. Over-all sound is variable, which may account partially for the dynamic inequities in the "Leonore."
Brahms: "Hungarian Dances" 1 and 5. Dvorak: "Slavonic Dances" 1 and 10, etc. David Forester conducting the Hollywood Pops Symphony Orchestra. Fantasy FST-903. $11.95.	Plenty of Romany spice seasons this collection, titled "Dance, Gypsy, Dance," and numbering similar examples by Enesco, Liszt, and Zador. All are performed competently, with an enlivening sense of rhythm. The orchestra's playing might be more supple, and the conducting might have greater stylistic breadth, but the general effect is stimulating. The sound itself is not outstanding.
Debussy: "Iberia"; Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MBS5-8. $10.95.	Beautifully tempered, sensitively detailed performances present these elusive pieces with rare fidelity to their sense and character. Paray's reflective, even somewhat understated, approach is more concerned with poetic values than with surface brilliance, and no attempt has been made, on the podium or in the monitor's cubicle, to exploit tonal color for its own sake. The result is an open, honest recording which proves, in its tape version, how much of the music's subtlety and strength was forfeited in its transfer to disc (Mer. 50101), although the latter also contains "La Mer."
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor ECS-58. $14.95.	Munch's drama-charged treatment may not be to everyone's taste, but it adds up to a brilliant, large-scaled interpretation of a work that has come to be rather taken for granted. All of the music's romantic eloquence is exposed, and if this has entailed a generous heightening of effects in so far as rubato and shading are concerned, Munch has managed to give its melodic breadth full propulsion without forcing of orchestral sonorities.
Gabrieli: "Symphoniae Sacrae" (1597). Samuel Baron conducting the New York Brass Ensemble. Period PST-6. $11.95.	As if to prove that no style in art ever goes permanently out of fashion, these late sixteenth-century pieces sound curiously modern as regards their sheer timbres and spare, exposed musical writing. The harmony, to be sure, is of its own time, and the original sackbut and cornet have retired in favor of the more wieldy trumpet and trombone, but there remains an aura of freshness about these eight selections from Book I that makes them something more than examples of antiquity. The performance is lively, the sound clean and spacious.
Haydn: Symphonie Concertante in B flat, Op. 84. Hans J. Walther conducting the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra, with Heinz Nordbruch, oboe; Fritz Henker, bassoon; Friedrich Wuehrer, violin; Fritz Sommer, cello. Concert Hall EX-57. $8.95.	The grace and spirit which animate Haydn's music pervade this work in every measure: a keen appreciation of these qualities enters into this cordial, musicianly performance. Walther conducts with assured command of style, balancing the instrumental quartet against the tonal weight of his excellent Hamburg forces in sprightly concertante fashion. Sound is live and airy.
Ibert: "Divertissement." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor ACS-54. $6.95.	This wry little essay is here presented in Fiedler's own orchestration and conducted with gratifying concern for the music's topical irreverences. The tone is one of vigor and assurance. Although results might be more buoyant, there are some nicely played solo passages and the exercise of rather greater care for nuance and detail than is usual with Fiedler.
Massenet: "Meditation" from "Thaïs"; other popular selections. Herman Clebanoff and the Clebanoff Strings. Mercury MDS2-5. $12.95.	A collection of popular melodies lent particular appeal by the Clebanoff treatment, which uses echo effects to create a romantically soft, candlelit atmosphere for its theme of "Moods in Music," which titles the jacket. "Wonderful One," "Forbidden Love," "Intermezzo," and "Tango Orientale"—the last owing something to Bizet—are among the items enhanced by the seductively lush, glossy sound. For music of this genre the arrangements are tasteful.
Offenbach: Overtures to "Orpheus in the Underworld" and "La Belle Hélène." Strauss: Waltzes, etc. Josef Drexler conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Livingston 722-BN. $11.95.	The sound here is superb, efficiently displaying the bright, clean-textured playing of the orchestra, and especially of the strings, which seem to have mastered the secret of warmth without heaviness. Drexler conducts with a dependable sense of contrast, accent, and pacing. The album, packaged as a "Strauss-Offenbach Bouquet," also contains "My Life Is Love and Happiness," by Josef Strauss, and "New Pizzicato Polka" by Josef and brother Johann.
Rossini-Respighi: "La Boutique Fantasque." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor CCS-53. $10.95.	Fiedler conducts these lively *morceaux* with his customary gusto, but his touch is a trifle heavy for their lighter turns of phrase. The result is rather matter-of-fact, with little more expressive shading than a brisk tempo and a sturdy beat can provide. Respighi's somewhat elaborate orchestration seems to have been more deftly monitored on the corresponding disc (RCA LM 2084), which also includes "Divertissement" (see above).
Skalkottas: Twelve Dances. Gregory Millar conducting the Little Symphony of San Francisco. Fantasy FST-902. $11.95.	Music of unusual and arresting cast is contained in these Greek dances by a composer who died before he had become as well known as he deserves to be. Native folk tunes form a direct basis for some of the dances, but in the main provide a springboard for a creative treatment that is original but unpretentious. The performance is nicely turned out under the direction of Millar, who has introduced several other Skalkottas works to this country.
Tchaikovsky: "Serenade for Strings," Op. 48. Leonard Sorkin conducting the Sorkin Symphonette. Concertapes 23-3B. $11.95.	Bright tone and crisp conducting make for an extremely agreeable performance of this melodic work. A feeling for detail, movement and musical tension animates the group, which plays expressively but without exaggerated effect. Bolzoni's pleasant little Minuet finishes out a tape that cleanly transmits the immediacy and élan of the performance.
Tchaikovsky: "Serenade for Strings," Op. 48. Charles Munch conducting the Strings of the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor CCS-66. $10.95.	Sumptuous sound and the homogeneity of the Boston strings combine to present the Serenade in full romantic splendor, although Munch is careful to keep the tone of performance unsentimentalized. The ensemble plays with rich, finely-textured sonority and the aural effect is seductive, but my personal inclination is toward the leaner string tone of the Sorkin ensemble. Also worth attention is Steinberg's LP with the Pittsburgh Symphony (Capitol P-8290), an expansive, radiant treatment of the same material. —MILDRED NORTON.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

RICHTER AND HALLÉ

I WISH TO point out an error in Neville Cardus's article "Barbirolli and the Hallé" (*SR* Nov. 30). According to the article Richter's reign was from 1895 to 1911, but in fact Hans Richter did not conduct the Hallé Orchestra until the fall of 1897. Hallé died suddenly shortly before the opening of the 1895-1896 season. For that season a succession of guest conductors was engaged. After that Fredric Cowen was engaged; he conducted for two seasons. It was after him that Richter became associated with the Hallé. I was told by a competent musician that the orchestra's playing deteriorated with a whole season of different conductors and Cowen did much to restore its quality. Richter was one of the greatest conductors of his time, if not the greatest. But Cowen did keep the thing going for two years.

RICHARD SHAW.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

CONTINUITY ON TAPE

IT IS REGRETTABLE that all the critics polled on their favorite discs did not receive RCA tape releases EC-52. It would certainly have been nominated the "most lamentable enterprise of 1957." Certainly the few feet of tape saved by splitting the third movement is inexcusable and unjustified on tape (we barely manage to adjust to it on single disc versions). I would suggest future buyers wait until RCA decides on which track the third movement should be placed for uninterrupted listening. Surely you will take this opportunity to comment editorially on suggested length and pairings of monaural tapes as compared to stereophonic tapes. I have a monaural tape machine which cannot be converted as yet to in-line stereophonic playback. I look with considerable envy at a stereo tape release of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which plays uninterrupted and search in vain for a monaural version that is also complete in one direction. After all, why buy a "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Toscanini) when it splits at the same place as its disc release and the latter is cheaper?

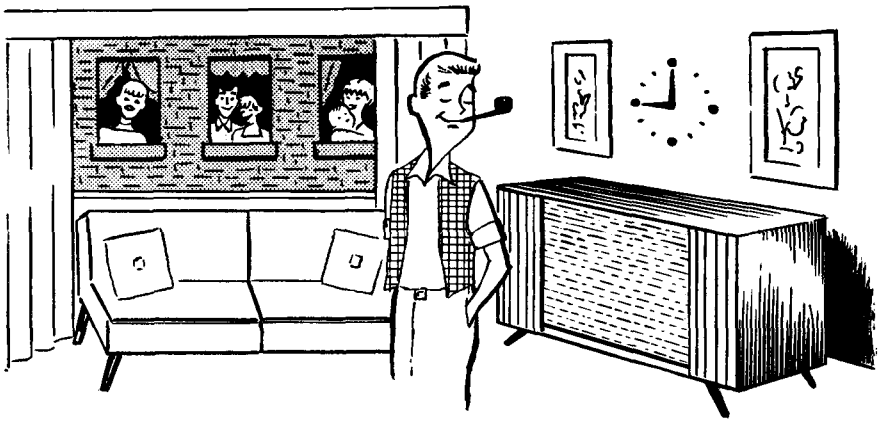
L. WESLEY CHATMAN.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *New methods, old manners. The "music goes round and round," but only so far.*

CON DIEREN

CECIL GRAY'S enthusiastic chapter and Bernard van Dieren's own brilliant essays led me some years ago to purchase all I could find of the composer's published music, some twenty songs whose publication dates range from 1925 to 1932. I recognize the impropriety of judging a composer's worth from a handful of his

(*Continued on page 66*)



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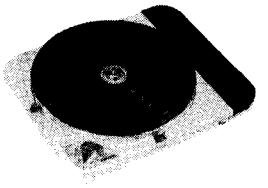

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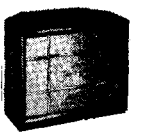

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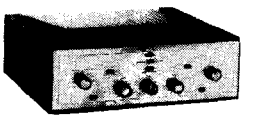

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THE AMEN CORNER

Beat, Beat, Beat

WE ARE now being treated to a good deal of talk about what is called "the beat generation," so that anyone who grew up in the 1920s must be inclined to feel that this is where he came in. Then, of course, it was "the lost generation," and its outstanding spokesman was Ernest Hemingway, who has recently been seen attending a prizefight in close proximity to Gene Tunney, and whose bearded smiles in many of his recent press photographs have a radiance approaching the grin of Dwight D. Eisenhower. I am able to tell the students of "the beat generation" that a great many members of "the lost" succumbed to their own complexes in the world condition and became human casualties, while others went on to become executives of American Brake Shoe and to enjoy seeing pictures of Ernest Hemingway in the papers. I imagine that in future decades something of the same sort will be said of "the beat."

It would appear that each generation has its own color of personal disaster, and if it is not of the sensational kind reflected in headlines about juvenile delinquency and heroin addiction, it may be the quieter varieties of going to pot which were so abundant in Victorian family histories. Anyone who confidently expects that youth will be a time of buoyancy and personal enlargement had better keep his eye on *hubris* and the banana peel. Everywhere from Moscow to Madison Avenue there are signs and portents, symptoms of human duplicity and disease.

But to bring this all too vague and general discussion down to my particular musical concerns, in the area of jazz commentary the talk about "the beat generation" has been singularly unimpressive. The writing on the subject of jazz is noteworthy for a large amount of cultural illiteracy, and when I read, as I have recently in the columns of this very journal, that jazz is an expression of "the beat generation" and that it is made by men who are presumably "beat," I find the prospect for any true perspective on the subject to be exceedingly discouraging. The idea seems to be that jazz is the puzzled song of the "beat." They don't know where they're going. They are looking for a way. Theirs is a music of search. So many of their lives are drugged and defeated. It is all intended to sound very heart-rending and philosophical.

In this connection, it seems to me

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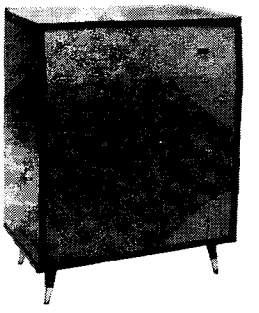

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that there are two things that may be worth remembering. Jazz comment of the sort I have been referring to would make it appear that young jazz musicians are special victims of personal confusion and disrepair, whereas a meager knowledge of the history of the arts would put the matter in quite another light and take the wail of special pleading out of the jazz writer's voice. The fact is that any genuinely creative artist—one who is breaking esthetic ground in an inevitably uncomprehending world—must carry a certain baggage of bewilderment as part of his standard gear. And his unease and his experiment, his imbalance as he works toward balance, his disorder as he works toward order, are apt, if they are not definitely bound, to result in a more or less chaotic personal life. This is in the nature of the contract. And if this be true of major creative figures think of the confusions and complexes of the second and third rate and of the pathetic, self-deluded sixth raters who can merely attitudinize on the fringes of the arts. The jazz world, like every other field, is full of these.

THE second thing I want to say is equally a matter of record. That is, that the artist is saved by his art (so far as the public is concerned, the saving may be apparent only after the artist's death). If there is one thing clear from reading the biographies of creative men it is that they are dedicated men, absorbed men. To others their absorption may seem an obsession which renders them largely unfit for the company of others, even of themselves. But the absorption is their great reward, and if they may often be seen to be wrestling painfully with it, they may also be felt to revel in it. It is no paradox that some of the most distraught and neurotic lives in human annals have produced some of the most subtly ordered work. That is what came out of Van Gogh's manias, and out of Proust's asthma and his cork-lined room. Nor is it a paradox that men of much personal anguish should often manifest an art of delightful spirit. That is what came out of Charlie Parker's alto saxophone.

The best jazz music of "the beat generation" does not sound "beat." For one example—and I have no idea how "beat" any of the individuals may either be or feel—I will suggest the relaxed vigors and lyric graces of "After Hours" with Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Wess, flute and tenor sax; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Mal Waldron, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Arthur Taylor, drums (Prestige LP 7118).

Next month, less talk, more records.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

PERSECUTED RECORD CLUBS

LONDON.

AS I SUGGESTED last month, the start of 1958 finds the problem of the record clubs among the principal phonographic talking points, although nobody would suspect this from a perusal of our specialist journals. And there, indeed, lies the very core of the present controversy, for these journals have been charged with a "conspiracy of silence" in this matter—a conspiracy allegedly entered into at the behest of the big record manufacturers. Early last month, the *Times* published an article dealing with the activities of two such clubs, World Record Treasures and the Classics Club, and drawing special attention to the difficulties encountered by these organizations when trying to advertise their services in the musical press. Although characteristically cautious in its tone, the article appeared to me rather one-sided; a few days later, however, the *New Statesman*—one of Britain's most renowned weekly reviews, which has published a monthly column on records (contributed until recently by Edward Sackville-West) for longer than most of us can remember—came out with more specific suggestions concerning pressure by big advertisers, linking the cause of the record clubs with the wider issue of Freedom of the Press.

A brief editorial reference in the following week's *New Statesman* struck a more cautious note while promising a full investigation of the question by its present record critic, Mr. Peter Heyworth, who has now published his findings in a lengthy article. Despite emphatic denials on the part of EMI and Decca that any pressure was brought to bear on the musical press to deny advertising facilities to the record clubs, he remains unconvinced; yet at the same time his report is by no means one-sided, since the case against the record clubs is also presented in some detail.

Whether the whole problem, having thus been forced into the open, will now be aired in the columns of our specialist organs remains to be seen. It is certainly full of interest and of no little importance to the future of an industry whose spectacular growth over the past ten years has paved the way for this offspring. We are, of course, fully aware that the problem is neither new nor in the least confined to Britain, but its impact here seems the more fundamental since, owing to tighter copyright laws and rigid control of retail prices by manufacturers, cut-price discs of varying descriptions have never formed part of our phonographic way of life, and there were many who regarded such activities elsewhere with a complacent it-can't-happen-here attitude.

Yet one only has to compare the cost of LP discs here and in the USA—we still pay from $5 to $6 for a twelve-inch LP (no discount is permitted, save to educational bodies such as schools or libraries)—to realize the opportunities this presents to anyone able to offer recordings of popular classics, however sub-standard the performances and recordings, at a substantially lower figure. This the clubs can do by eliminating normal wholesale and retail channels, by concentrating on a few popular titles at a time and by appealing to a controlled market whose requirements can be gauged in advance with a fair degree of accuracy.

To view such activities with distaste merely on the ground that these clubs are "upstarts" trying to cash in on the general boom in records would be illogical since profit, not philanthropy, is at the bottom of all rec-

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ord manufacture. At the same time it would be idle to pretend that it would benefit music-lovers if such clubs were successful enough seriously to undermine time-honored methods of record production and distribution. It is because one can readily visualize a general lowering of standards resulting from such club activities that it is difficult not to sympathize with our specialist journals who, whether as a result of outside pressure or not, have decided to withhold support from any movement whose success might endanger the industry as a whole. For the present, however, I cannot believe that the danger is very acute and I should have thought that the industry is strong enough and sufficiently resourceful to devise ways and means of meeting the challenge of the clubs, if not by a general lowering of prices (possibly by a renewed attempt to get the iniquitous purchase tax abolished or at least reduced) than by issuing cheap "reprints" of recordings which have lost their initial sales-appeal.

Turning from controversy and speculation to present realities, we find that a new label has appeared among the old familiar faces: Fontana Records. But, lest anyone should exclaim, "Caro Signor Fontana!" in expectation of new and exciting contributions to the repertoire, let me make it clear that the newcomer is firmly tied to Philips's apron-strings. The first release, scheduled for this month, contains plenty of "pops" at all three speeds—featuring, among others, Pearl Bailey, Frank Sinatra, Harry James, Count Basie, Benny Goodman and "Der Bingle" (alias Mr. Crosby) —and two classical LPs: a Beecham-directed Mozart Requiem and the Cleveland/Szell "Eroica." The Requiem performance, though clearly a few years old, as it must date from the brief period of Sir Thomas's association with Philips, has not previously appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

THAT postprandial feeling which afflicts most of us between Christmas and the New Year has, as often before, delayed the appearance of most January discs, though EMI have sensibly decided to face realities by leaving their first major effort of 1958 for February (when "Die Meistersinger," directed by Kempe, and the Callas/Gobbi "Barbiere" will be on the menu). DGG, as usual, provides the sole exception from this seasonal lethargy and its customary list (nine LPs, six EPs) appeared as punctually as ever, together with the equally predictable, bi-monthly Archive releases (four LPs, three EPs).

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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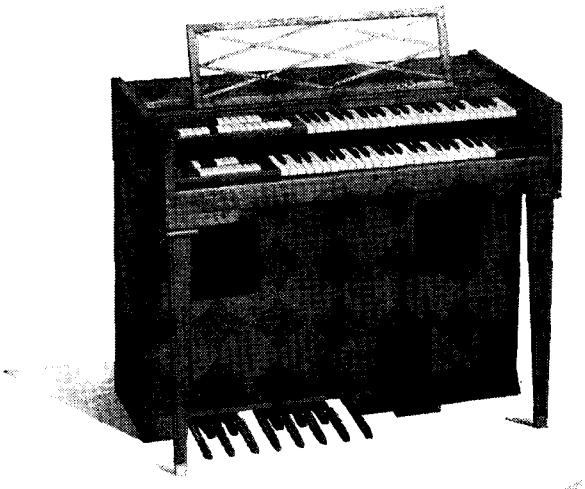

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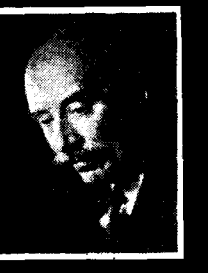

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Milhaud and French Music

"Le Pauvre Matelot." *Darius Milhaud. Westminster-Vega. OPW*11030. "Les Malheurs d'Orphee." *Darius Milhaud. Westminster-Vega. OPW*-11031, $4.98 each.

AS THE SERIAL numbers of these recordings indicate they are to be taken as a pair. Different listeners may prefer one to the other of these two chamber operas—Cocteau the librettist of "Le Pauvre Matelot" ("The Unfortunate Sailor") calls it a "lament"—but both are representative of Milhaud, the miniaturist of the Twenties. Both are enjoyable works, admirably rendered by singers of the two Paris opera houses and the orchestra of the larger one.

"Les Malheurs d'Orphee" ("The Misfortunes of Orpheus") is the earlier piece—composed in 1924—and perhaps the more difficult of the two. "Difficult" should be put in quotes because even when Milhaud is contrapuntally complex there is always a directness that makes his music readily intelligible. If the "Orpheus" is anyway less easy than the "Sailor" it is because the texture of the music in the earlier work is more dense, slightly reminiscent of Stravinsky's harshness in the days of "Les Noces."

The libretto for "Orpheus" by Armand Lunel is a bit peculiar. It makes little sense if one is not already familiar with the legend; it does not follow the traditional story but is a highly personal variant of it in which much of the action appears to be told retrospectively, the narrator choosing the incidents not according to their logical sequence but according to some significance subjectively important to himself.

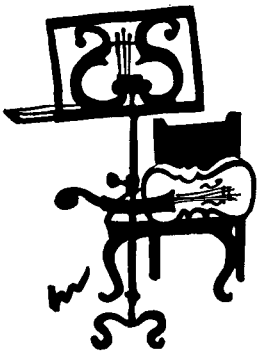
There are fine passages in the "Orpheus"—the short threnody in Act 2 for instance, and, despite the elegiac nature of the subject, passages which suddenly burst with a kind of breezy energy characteristic of the composer. More characteristic still is his evolution from an *enfant terrible* thumbing his nose at the mystic or exalted conventions of musicality before World War I into the purity and simplicity which for all its jaunty gestures and drugged jazziness is the essential character of the 1926 "Pauvre Matelot."

This ironic tragedy is the oft-told tale in which a sailor, fifteen years absent from his wife, returns unrecognized by her to pretend that he is a rich traveller and a friend of the absent and poverty stricken husband, only to be murdered by the wife who wants to enrich the spouse she has so long awaited. To this brutal story Milhaud writes music as modestly and touchingly expressive as the old French folk tunes sung to pacify children.

WHAT makes "Le Pauvre Matelot" impressive despite or because of its diminutive proportions is that the whole piece comprises a continuous, integrated musical fabric with a life all its own—in which a refusal of overt emotionalism and a "monosyllabic" clarity of expression are combined. In this lies a secret of one phase of French music and French art generally. It is frequently made small so that it may more surely pierce and penetrate into our consciousness. It is artfully fragile, but its point is always sharp—"a whim of iron." It occasionally gives itself "revolutionary" airs, but it ends always by being almost academically precise, formal. It is often astringent, but its sentiment, when the acid evaporates, is starry cool.

There is a melancholy in this music which has no tears, a loveliness which is a humble assent to fate, a humanity without grimace—always decorous, gently stern, elegant without rigidity. This is its mystery, and even the forthright music of Milhaud which systematically eschews the veils and perfumes that envelop Debussy or Ravel seems always to hold something in reserve. This is an elusive art, often deceiving us by seeming gayer, "cute" or more frivolous than it is. Thus there is a "Frenchiness" in the music France produces which fools fools.

—Harold Clurman.



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The Expanding Jazz Bookshelf

By ARNOLD SHAW, *author of "The Money Song."*

IN THE LINGO of the cool cats, a responsive audience is indicated by the expression: "The ears are moving." Cognizant of the vast number of new ears moving on the jazz scene—more than 600 jazz albums were released last year—the book publishers have pursued the fast-climbing spiral of LP sales with a rapidly expanding shelf of jazz books. In the three years from January 1955 to the present, no fewer than twenty-one new volumes have appeared. Among these are one biography, one autobiography, four anthologies, seven guides or reference books, and eight works in the field of history, theory, or criticism.

Just as jazz has developed from its bawdy beginnings into an art of many resources, so the new books reveal a rising level of scholarship, insight and cultural viewpoint. Indicative of the advance are Dr. Marshall Stearns's erudite and well-documented "Story of Jazz" and a speculative study like "The Heart of Jazz" in which William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell attempt to correlate the development of the music with the ebb and flow of religious feeling. Like the chamber-music jazzmen of our day, the current writer on jazz tends to be versed in the classics of music and literature as well as Dixieland. Included among the authors are two novelists (Paul and Longstreet), a poet (Hughes), and three college professors (Grossman, Stearns, Ulanov), none of them in music departments.

Most of the new books are, of course, aimed at the new jazz fan. The four anthologies provide him with candid camera studies of the men who make the music. The guidebooks offer reference information on careers, schools, styles, instruments and records. For the *Life* and *Look* set, there are two volumes of captioned photographs, "Jazz West Coast" and "A Pictorial History of Jazz." Among the histories, we find "A First Book of Jazz," addressed to the young of age and heart; "The Real Jazz, Old and New," more a book of enthusiasms than a formal history; and "That Crazy American Music," a raconteur's rhapsody, digressive and ribald, on Dixieland jazz.

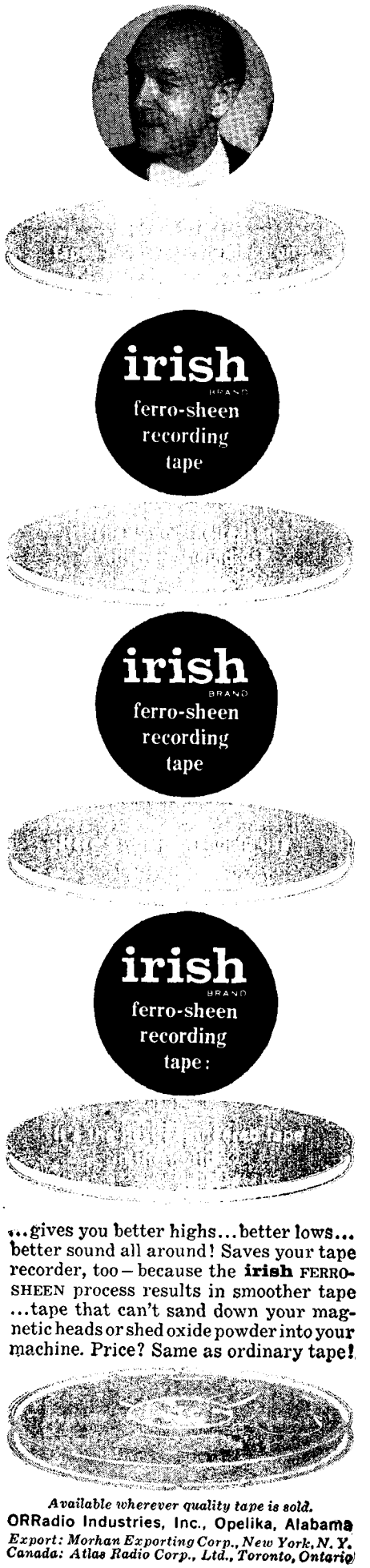
Of the anthologies, the most interesting is "Hear Me Talkin' To Ya," edited by Hentoff and Shapiro, who also co-edited "The Jazz Makers," lucid biographical sketches of twenty-one major jazzmen by nine contemporary critics. In the former collection, the cats who "blow and wail" are permitted to speak for themselves. The result is a collation that not only reveals the personalities of a score of jazzmen from its beginnings to the present, but that becomes through their colorful recollections, an authentic, first-hand account of the growth of jazz. "Eddie Condon's Treasury" includes, in addition to bios and a witty running commentary, eight pieces of jazz fiction, while Gleason's "Jam Session" offers a series of provocative sociological and psychological essays, mostly on modern jazz.

Virtually indispensable as a reference work is Leonard Feather's attractively produced "Encyclopaedia of Jazz," which includes brief, acute sketches and discographies of over 1,000 jazzmen. His more recent "Book of Jazz" is a stimulating guide, argumentative and meaty. Developed through an instrument by instrument survey of key stylists, it contains one of the few technical studies of improvisation and a probing analysis of the problem of "Jazz and Race."

Another guide is co-edited by the French critic whose "Le Jazz Hot," appearing in translation in 1936, shocked American intellectuals into an awareness of the importance of their native art. Hugues Panassié presents in "Guide to Jazz" an alphabetically arranged series of entries on performers, jazz styles, instruments, and the most recorded standards. More useful for the new fan is Barry Ulanov's "Handbook of Jazz," which offers capsule coverage of all phases and elements of the art. Marred by an artiness of approach, it provides the best bird's-eye-view of the field.

Less concerned with individual performers than with currents, Dr. Marshall Stearns brings to his long-awaited "Story of Jazz" the research methods of training at Harvard and Yale and the enthusiasm that led him to found—and house in his home—the first American Institute of Jazz Studies. Author of a dissertation on the medieval poet Robert Henryson, he has written a jazz history that is learned and the fruit of extensive study of origins and influences. "Academic" in the best sense of the word, "Story of Jazz" contributes much-needed weed-killers in a field overgrown with the impressionistic, the anecdotal and the reverential.

In the literature of jazz, there are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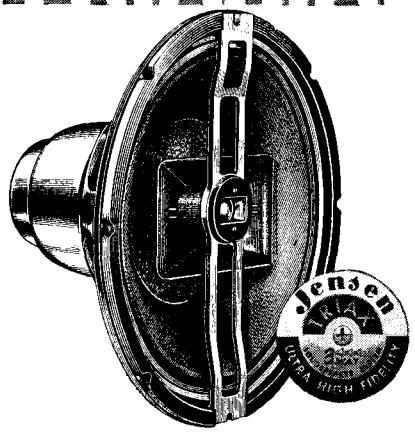

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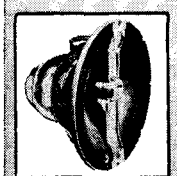

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few studies of its technique and esthetics by American writers. Leonard Feather, who is English but who has lived here during most of his busy career as a jazz critic, composer and record producer, has attempted to make up for this lack. The most demanding and most musically informed of the new book "Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence" is the work of a French critic, Andre Hodeir. A practicing jazz and classical musician, a composer and musicologist, Hodeir offers a perceptive survey of jazz history and a highly technical examination of improvisation, the mechanics of swing and the evolution of rhythm.

A NUMBER of cults today still divide the jazz scene into warring camps. The most belligerent is that of the traditionalists to whom New Orleans jazz is the only jazz, the real jazz. The cult raised its beleaguered banners in the years succeeding that seminal book "Jazzmen" (1939), which launched American research in the jazz field. In addition to documenting, rather nostalgically, the rise of jazz in New Orleans, "Jazzmen," edited by Charles Edward Smith and Frederic Ramsey, Jr., accomplished a remarkable thing for a book: it actually helped launch a New Orleans revival.

"Find Bunk," is what Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, remembering an early source of his inspiration, told one of the "Jazzmen" researchers. The editors went looking, found cornetist Bunk Johnson (1879-1949) working in a Louisiana rice field, and supplied him with store teeth so that he could blow again. Thereafter, other New Orleans pioneers—Kid Ory, Jelly Roll Morton, Zutty Singleton, Papa Mutt Carey—were tracked down. California, where many of them had settled, became the scene of a New Orleans revival. What is today known as San Francisco Jazz, and represented by the bands of Turk Murphy and trumpeter Bob Scobey, is a continuation of that revival.

Four of the new books sponsor the traditionalist outlook. Elliot Paul and Stephen Longstreet endorse it as amateur enthusiasts. Rex Harris of London, England, favors it on the ground that only the "virile tradition of New Orleans" preserves the axiomatic qualities of jazz: "inspiration, spontaneity, exuberance, absence of inhibition." Harris, who is representative of the fanaticism of European purists,

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ANTHOLOGIES

"Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz," edited by Eddie Condon and Richard Gehman (Dial, $5).
"Hear Me Talkin' to Ya," edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (Rinehart, $5).
"Jam Session, An Anthology of Jazz," edited by Ralph J. Gleason (Putnam's, $4.95).
"The Jazz Makers," edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (Rinehart, $4.95).

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"Lady Sings the Blues," by Billie Holiday with William Dufty (Doubleday, $3.75).
"Trumpeter's Tale: The Story of Young Louis Armstrong," by Jeanette Eaton (Morrow, $3).

GUIDES AND REFERENCE WORKS

"The Book of Jazz," by Leonard Feather (Horizon, $3.95).
"The Encyclopedia of Jazz," by Leonard Feather (Horizon, $10).
"The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz," by Leonard Feather (Horizon, $3.95).
"Guide to Jazz," by Hugues Panassie and Madeleine Gautier (Houghton Mifflin, $4).
"A Handbook of Jazz," by Barry Ulanov (Viking, $3.50).
"Jazz Americana," by Woody Woodward (Trend Books, 75¢).
"Jazz West Coast: A Portfolio of Photographs," by William Claxton (Linear Productions, $2).

HISTORY, THEORY AND CRITICISM

"The First Book of Jazz," by Langston Hughes (Franklin Watts, $1.95).
"The Heart of Jazz," by William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell (NYU Press, $6.50).
"Jazz," by Rex Harris (Grosset and Dunlap, 95¢).
"Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence," by Andre Hodeir (Grove, $3.50).
"A Pictorial History of Jazz," by Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer, Jr. (Crown, $5.95).
"The Real Jazz, Old and New," by Stephen Longstreet (LSU Press, $5).
"The Story of Jazz," by Marshall W. Stearns (Oxford, $5.75).
"That Crazy American Music," by Elliot Paul (Bobbs-Merrill, $4).

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holds that these qualities are destroyed even when "the ideal number of six or seven musicians is increased by an extra melodic instrument." Prof. Grossman and Mr. Farrell, whose "Heart of Jazz" carries an introduction by trombonist Turk, embrace New Orleans on philosophical grounds: it alone is characterized "by a sort of humanistic balance between expression and restraint and, more deeply, by a synthesis of Christian feeling and robust vitality."

AMONG the modernists, Ulanov takes a mediating position, contending that a fervent antiquarianism disgraces the vast development that jazz has undergone, just as a rejection of N.O. minimizes the drive and humor it contributed to jazz. Hodeir likewise takes a middle of the road position. Without denying the pioneer role of the New Orleans jazzmen in developing a new art form, he rejects their product as an esthetic bust. But he is equally critical of the newly developed cult that hears real jazz only in the blowing of the boppers and the cool crowd. At this point, Leonard Feather steps forward as the spokesman of the modernists. In his "Book of Jazz" (foreword by Dizzy Gillespie), he flatly rejects the idea, held by many who are not partisans of either camp, that jazz was born in New Orleans. "Jazz," he adds truculently, "is a social, not a racial music. It is written as well as improvised. It can be played in four-four time, waltz time or any time."

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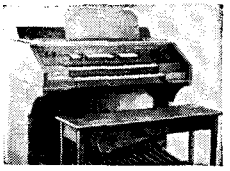

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Letters

Continued from page 57

small works; but Gray says that van Dieren's songs represent "every phase of his artistic development." It might be interesting to hear one or two of his larger works, but on the strength of the songs I shall decline to subscribe to the van Dieren Festival. They reveal him as a faintly perfumed, poor man's Delius, or an obtuse Roger Quilter. The prosody is sensitive. The melodic lines are freely flowing, somewhat amorphous, generally lacking in rhythmic distinction. (Several of the songs have no bar lines; this would suggest an attempt to avoid the rigors of regular meters, but what results is an almost complete lack of emphasis.)

Harmonically, van Dieren resorts to a squirmy, meandering chromaticism without direction. If his early works—as Constant Lambert says—"show signs of a Schoenbergian ruthlessness," this has all been laundered out by 1925. There are so many dominant thirteenth-chords that at every turning the listener expects "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." Unfortunately, that expectation is never fulfilled.

HALSEY STEVENS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PRO DIEREN

MR. MICHAEL SCHER'S plea for a restoration of Bernard van Dieren to the attention of the contemporary musical world is too eloquent to overlook. Van Dieren not only composed some highly original music but also wielded a wicked critical pen. I would like to suggest to Mr. Scher to beg, borrow or steal a copy of "Down Among the Deadmen," a volume of essays published in London by Humphrey Milford in 1935. It should also interest Mr. Scher that van Dieren is the author of the first book on the sculpture of Jacob Epstein, who, probably in reciprocation, made a portrait bust of van Dieren in bronze.

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A. L. EDNEY.

Knoxville, Tenn.

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